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SPECIAL DIAMOND JUBILEE LIFE OF THE QUEEN, 6D.

The "DAILY TELEGRAPH" of Monday last said: "A Diamond Jubilee Number of The 'Penny Illustrated Paper' has been issued, with an admirable coloured portrait of Her Majesty in her State robes. It has a large array of Illustrations, recalling some of the more prominent ceremonials of the Queen's reign, and the editor, Mr. John Latey, has exercised the greatest care and judgment in the succinct descriptions appended to the plates. The result is an interesting epitome and literary and pictorial memento of many of the most noteworthy events of the past sixty years."

THE TERRIFIC CHARGE OF THE COMBINED CAVALRY IN THE GRAND HISTORIC PAGEANT.

See "Talk of London," next Page.

WHAT A DELICIOUS FRUITY ODOUR!

THIS IS THE REMARK made by a lady when visiting one of her friends. The hostess was engaged in making jellies, and she replied, "Yes! I had just been thinking the same thought myself, for the smell of *fresh* ripe fruit, as I stirred the blocks of Jelly in a basin with hot water until dissolved, has so pleasurably tickled my nostrils that I have an earnest desire myself to taste the jellies when set." The visitor at once tendered a modest request to be allowed to share the coming meal, which was forthwith acceded to, and the guest was further informed, in response to her inquiry, that the jellies were Chivers' Gold Medal Jellies. Such remarks as the foregoing are of constant occurrence in households where Chivers' Jellies are placed upon the table. The delicious, delicate ripe-fruit taste and odour of Chivers' Jellies claim the attention of the most unobservant. The reason for this great attractiveness of taste and odour is because the manufacturers are themselves large fruit-growers and contractors for fresh fruit over a large local area. Naturally enough the Jellies are flavoured with the delicious juices of freshly gathered raspberries and strawberries, or as in the case of orange and lemon, the juices are expressed from the best ripe imported fruit. Chivers' Jams and Jellies are prepared in silver-lined pans, and handled by silver-lined ladles, so that no possible contamination or impurity can detract from the natural acid and stimulating flavour of the fruits employed. Chivers' Gold Medal Jellies are not merely a delicious luxury; they are so nutritious, wholesome, and digestible as to warrant their inclusion as a regular item in the domestic dietary. It is very rare indeed that an article comes to the consumer with such hall-marks of delicacy, flavour, purity of material, cleanliness of manufacture, as are possessed by Chivers' Gold Medal Jellies. Sold by Grocers and Stores in packets—half-pints, pints, and quarts, 2½d., 4½d., and 8d. A Free Sample will be sent on receipt of postcard (mentioning this paper). Address, S. Chivers and Sons, Histon, Cambridge.—[ADVT.]

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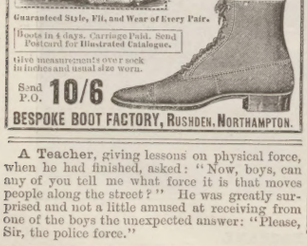

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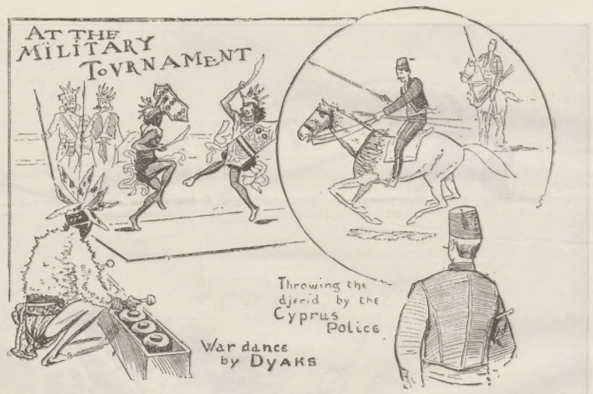
All communications referring to Advertisements, Subscriptions, or General Business to be addressed to the Publisher, HENRY JAMES TAYLOR, 10, Milford Lane, Strand, London.

Talk of London.

ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

THE capable and energetic Executive of the Royal Military Tournament—with General Lord Methuen as Chairman, Colonel Ward, C.B., Honorary Secretary, Major Lloyd, Treasurer, and Colonel Lorne Campbell, Commandant—may well plume themselves upon the complete success of this year's show at the Agricultural Hall. The Prince of Wales was present with the Princess (Queen of Beauty for the occasion) and other members of the Royal Family, including the still stalwart and jovial Duke of Cambridge, to impart éclat to the opening on May 27th. The cream of the cream of the programme was what the Royal party and the host of distinguished visitors (some hale old Chelsea veterans in their scarlet coats up in one of the galleries, I was glad to note) were regaled with. Received by a guard of honour of the Guards (who gave three resounding cheers for the Queen, and waved their bearskins on their bayonet-points in honour of their revered Sovereign), the Prince and his Royal companions were evidently most highly pleased with the naval and military performances. I have never seen the Princess, who looked her best and sweetest, more animated or more delighted. H.R.H. palpably joined in the applause out of pure admiration and enjoyment. The firing and unlimbering of their guns by the rival companies of Bluejackets—and particularly the fiery zeal of one fair-bearded Jack—roused our enthusiasm. And there were in the Press Box sturdy Charles Williams and indomitable Bennett Burleigh, war Specials fresh from the fighting in Thessaly, and towering Harry Pearse, who has twice had experience of British gallantry in the Soudan, besides other journalists of rare experience. But all were roused by the dash and go displayed. I imagine Mr. W. Clarkson, the well-known perruquier and costumier, furnished the uniforms, armour, and wigs for the men taking part in the brilliant pageant recalling Blenheim, Waterloo, Inkermann, and Tel-el-Kebir—a superb Army procession winding up with the terrific combined cavalry charge as drawn with spirit by Mr. Louis Edwards on our front page. This grand display — "Our Army, 1704-1882" — has never been excelled in the history of the Royal Military Tournament. Similarly inspiring proved the splendid galloping of the Royal Horse Artillery, and the magnificent horsemanship of the 3rd Dragoon Guards in the Musical Ride, which closed also with another astounding charge, giving the spectators a good idea of what real war is like. We were all amused by the war-dances and comic antics of the "Wild Men from Borneo," or Dyaks (one of whom stood for a *P.I.P.* Shap-shottist at Chelsea Barracks), and by the dexterous spear-throwing of the Cyprus Police (also photographed on another page of the *P.I.P.*); whilst the South Wales Mounted Rifles illustrated Bush life in Australia with much verve. There were individual contests galore; and the adroit athletic feats of the Army Gymnastic Staff were hugely relished; but the crown of the feast to the many-headed was the brisk sham-fight with which the Tournament concludes with vim and smartness. Let a warm word of praise be added to Captain Dann for his stentorian services as the Tournament orator.



H.R.H.'s Ubiquity

has been the theme of general admiration. The Prince of Wales excelled himself in the Queen's Birthday week. Heedless of the rain, he took the salute at the Trooping the Colour parade in front of the Horse Guards, and "faced the music" of many banquets. At Guy's Hospital, May 26, he opened the new Medical School buildings (erected at a cost of £12,000), and on May 28 the Prince went with the Princess to lay the foundation-stone of an addition to the Ophthalmic Hospital in the City Road, which has, during the Queen's beneficent reign, relieved no less than a million and a quarter sufferers from eye disease. Then H.R.H. found time to stimulate the public to fresh zeal on behalf of the Hospital Fund he started as a memorial of the Queen's Record Reign; and paid a visit with the Princess to Canterbury, as recorded in an illustrated paragraph in another column. Truly did the Prince deserve an Epsom holiday in the Derby week.

The Princess and the Poor.

H.R.H. the Princess of Wales's charitable sympathy with the very poor did not end with the happy suggestion of a dinner in the Diamond Jubilee week to the outcasts who are to be feasted in many London centres on June 21. Her heart has been touched by the story of misery in the densely populated south-east London district of Deptford; and she readily consented to open on Tuesday the Royal Bazaar held for the relief of the poor of Deptford at the Imperial Institute. Every precaution was observed by Sir George H. Chubb and Mr. Alfred H. Tarleton to insure immunity from a fire panic. That a goodly sum was realised at this fashionable bazaar (of which a *P.I.P.* Artist gives a glimpse) may be imagined when it is stated that the stallholders comprised the Duchess of Albany, Princess Pauline of Würtemberg, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Belhaven and Stenton, the Duchess of Newcastle, the Duchess of Somerset, Lady Isabella Margeson, the Marchioness of Hastings, Lady Heron Maxwell, the Hon. Mrs. Halford, Lady Marion Wilson, the Countess of Kintore and Lady Catherine Stanhope, Lady Llangattock, Lady Mary Pepys, the Dowager Lady Westbury, Lady Doreen Long, Lady Katherine French, Lady Jane Taylor, Mrs. Colyer-Fergusson, Lady Florence Pelham-Clinton, Lady Chubb, Lady Jephson, Viscountess Maitland, Mrs. Alfred Harmsworth, and the Lady Mayoress; and that entertainments were given by, among others, Mr. George Alexander, Miss Winifred Emery, Mr. Haydon Coffin, Mr. Charles Hawtrey, Miss Rosina Brandram, Miss Lily Hanbury, Miss Letty Lind, Miss Kitty Loftus, Miss Mary Moore, Miss Julia Neilson, Mr. Courtice Pounds, Miss Marie

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Big Sale! Photograph of Her Majesty approved by the Queen.—See the "P.I.P." QUEEN'S DIAMOND JUBILEE NUMBER.—6d.

Tempest, Mr. William Terriss, and Mr. Brandon Thomas. The Princess of Wales was accompanied by Princess Victoria and Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, and made several purchases. A new Hall of Light for Deptford may be the result of the bazaar.

The Queen's Christening.

Mrs. Crawford, the clever Paris correspondent of the *Daily News*, in the *Contemporary Review* gives an interesting account of Her Majesty's christening: The Primate wished the little one to be called "Elizabeth," but the Prince Regent objected. It was suggested to give the baby her mother's name "Victoria." This the Regent disliked also; whereupon the Duke of York proposed the names of "Alexandrina Victoria"; and the Primate, glad to get out of the difficulty, accordingly so named the Royal infant. At one moment there was a chance of the Queen being called "Georgiana," the idea being to perpetuate the Georgian dynasty.

The Queen's Head on Postage Stamps,

Mrs. Crawford thinks, largely helped to increase Her Majesty's popularity. In fact, it was common enough sixty years ago to hear people ask, "Have you got a Queen's head?" instead of a postage stamp. Louis Napoleon, when he aspired to Empire, was so impressed by the popularity of the English postage stamp, with its portrait of the Queen, that he adopted the same plan.

Courtly Reserve of To-Day.

Mrs. Crawford compares the courtly reserve of the present day with the freedom of speech indulged in when Her Majesty ascended the throne. "Society papers" were not then in vogue. Royal and aristocratic personages were not afraid of the Interviewer or the column of gossip. Now, Mrs. Crawford says, you can pass through a season in the highest society with about one hundred words; but sixty years ago ladies considered elegant conversation a special accomplishment.

Sir Henry Irving at Canterbury.

It is curious to remark just now the friendly relations of the Church and Stage. The famous Lyceum actor-manager on Monday read Lord Tennyson's "Becket," in which he played so beautifully, near the spot where Becket fell. He did so by invitation of the Dean, and no word of protest is heard. This toleration on the side of the Church is doing good all round. The old rigid ideas are being relaxed. By the way, Sir Henry Irving may be considered part author of "Becket." I was attending the rehearsals at the Lyceum when the play was produced, and I can bear witness that some of the happiest ideas and most effective situations were introduced by our great actor, and graciously accepted by Lord Tennyson. "Becket" was Tennyson's one successful play, but its favourable reception was due in a great measure to the scholarly and poetical feeling of the actor who played the chief character so finely, and had worthy companions in the Fair Rosamond of Miss Ellen Terry and King of William Terriss.

"L'Attaque du Moulin."

The remarkable military opera of M. Bruneau, first produced at Covent Garden on July 4, 1894, was revived there on Saturday last. The composer was present. I saw him for a moment in the stalls, and fully expected he would be called to the footlights after the opera, but probably few knew of his being present. "L'Attaque du Moulin" is hardly likely to arouse so much enthusiasm in London as it did in Paris. The bitterness against the Germans compelled the librettist to call the German officer who appears in the opera "Captain of the Enemy," as they dared not introduce a Teutonic name. In one exciting scene the hero escapes, owing to his sweetheart murdering a sentry. Yet a Parisian audience applauded this incident as if it had been a noble act of heroism. It was coldly received on Saturday night, for British audiences love fair play. The music of M. Bruneau is fresh, picturesque, and appropriate. The artists were admirable. The new baritone, M. Noté, sang and acted grandly as the sturdy miller. Miss Marie Brema was extremely effective in the stirring air in which the old nurse denounces "War, horrible war!" and Miss Esther Palliser was charming as Françoise, the heroine. The opera was splendidly mounted.

"Tannhauser"

had to be repeated at Covent Garden on Monday night, in consequence of the sudden indisposition of M. Jean de Reszke, who was to have appeared with his brother, Madame Eames, and Plançon, in Wagner's delightful comedy-opera, "De Meistersinger." We must all earnestly hope the incomparable Polish tenor will be well enough to sing on the current Friday night in "Tristan und Isolde."

Palace Fancy Dress Ball.

Lest it should be imagined that the Fancy Dress Ball at Sydenham on Tuesday night took place in the great nave of the Crystal Palace—with rather spacious "sitting-out" corridors—let me hasten to explain that the pleasant fête organised by Lady Methuen was really held in the Concert Room, tastefully furnished by Messrs. Waring, Limited. I trust a good sum will be added to the funds of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families' Association.

The Duc d'Alencon.

Paris papers say that the Duc d'Alençon, who is brother-in-law to the Empress of Austria, is about to join a monastic order, and to spend the remainder of his life as a "holy Friar." Already one Royal personage,

Prince Max of Saxony,

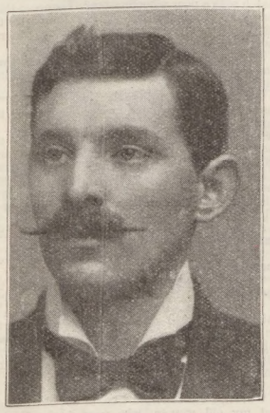
has quitted Royal and aristocratic society to become a simple priest among the Whitechapel sugar-bakers. Curious persons who wish to hear this Royal exile preach and pray can do so any Sunday evening by visiting a little chapel within a stone's-throw of Whitechapel Church. Prince Max makes no parade of his religious convictions; he simply performs the duties of an ordinary priest, and seems happier in that capacity than he ever was in a palace. Years ago a descendant of the Royal House of Austria went to America and became the beloved pastor of a little flock of German emigrants in the suburbs of New York. In attempting to check his congregation in a dangerous strike movement, he was somewhat severely wounded.

Dr. Robson Roose's New Medical Work.

This week is published Dr. Robson Roose's important new medical work. It is called "Waste and Repair in Modern Life." It has no professional technicalities to deter the reader, but is a plain, practical, and intelligent guide to those who find it difficult, as many of us do, to preserve health amid the hurry, worry, anxieties, and flurry of modern life and modern habits. George Eliot, in one of her novels, has a beautiful passage called "Fine Old Leisure," in which the advantages of leisure, rest, and recreation are eulogised. Wordsworth has a prophetic sonnet on the same theme. But to many of us leisure would simply mean ruin; while the hurry and excitement of modern life and its accompanying competition are unavoidable, unless we wish to be left behind in the race of life. How to repair the waste of modern life is what Dr. Roose tells us; and he does so in a way that all can understand. He has the knowledge of a scientific physician, combined with the genial manner of a cheerful man of the world.

Mr. Percival Sessions.

The latest addition to the ranks of operatic singers is Mr. Percival Sessions, whose portrait appears on this page. Mr. Sessions, who stands over six feet four, possesses a magnificent baritone voice, his high notes especially being full and rounded, and showing none of the harshness so usual in the top notes of baritones. He is a native of Oxford. Some years ago the late Sir Joseph Barnby happened to hear him sing, and



MR. PERCIVAL SESSIONS, THE NEW BARITONE.

From a Photograph by A. Ellis, 20, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

he there and then persuaded him to take up singing as a profession. Sir Joseph himself did all in his power to assist him. Mr. Santley, the celebrated baritone, then took Mr. Sessions in hand, and under that able master he learnt all his singing and music. The result of all this labour was shown on May 25 at the Kensington Town Hall, when Mr. Sessions sang at a grand evening concert given under the direction of Mr. Santley. The two songs, which were rendered in excellent style by Mr. Sessions, were "Oh, my beloved," by Ellen Wright (who accompanied), and "The Yeoman's Wedding," by Poniatowski. Mr. Sessions was in splendid voice, and he quite surpassed what was expected of him—his full, rich voice sounding to perfection in the large hall, which was crowded with a fashionable gathering. Mr. Sessions should not be long climbing to the top of the tree, backed up, as he is, by one of Nature's kindliest gifts—a glorious voice.

England and Russia.

I had a chat the other day with a Russian gentleman, a partner in a great commercial establishment at Moscow, who comes yearly to London on business. My Russian friend said: "What a fine opportunity there is just now for England and Russia to become real friends! It would put an end to the Eastern Question; would increase the friendship of France, and check the jealousy and ambition of Germany. My countrymen would be delighted. They would give the heartiest support to an Anglo-Russian alliance." I should like my Russian friend, who speaks English wonderfully well, to have an opportunity of discussing the matter with Lord Salisbury. I fancy he might convince the Premier.

Madame Patti and Brecon

Adelina Patti was presented last week with the Freedom of Brecon in an oaken casket, carved from an old beam of Brecon Priory Church, said to be a thousand years old. The following inscription was on the casket: "Presented to Madame Adelina Juana Maria Patti-Nicolini by the Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses of the Borough of Brecon, with the honorary Freedom of the Borough, in recognition and acknowledgment of her eminent and her munificent services to the poor of Brecon, May 24, 1897." M. Nicolini would have been present, but was indisposed.

Musical and Dramatic Novelties.

I may be allowed to wish Mr. Wilson Barrett, who terminated his London season with a series of stirring performances of "Othello," a repetition of his success when he returns to the Lyric, which is to be next occupied by Madame Réjane, the original "Madame Sans-Gêne." My best wishes also for the success of Sydney Grundy's new play, "A Marriage of Convenience," at the Haymarket; of the revived "Trilby" at Her Majesty's; of "The Maid of Athens" musical farce by MM. F. Osmond Carr, Charles Edmund, and H. Chance Newton at the Opéra Comique; and "Caste" at the Court next Wednesday.

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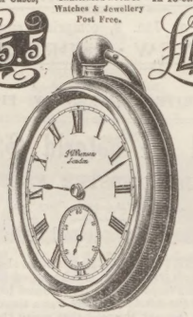

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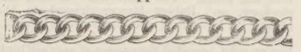

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Caution!

Many headache cures are being advertised at the present time. The utmost care should be taken as to what is used for this purpose. Many of the advertised cures contain dangerous drugs, the use of which may, as in a recent case, produce fatal results. There is a remedy containing nothing whatever of a poisonous nature, neither antipyrin or antifebrin, and which has received the endorsement of the "Lancet," "British Medical Journal," and the Highest Award, Paris, 1889. This preparation is Bishop's Citrate of Caffeine, which may be taken without the slightest fear of evil after effects. It not only cures Headache, but dispels sensations of weariness, exhaustion, and fatigue, and is most refreshing after shopping, travelling or sight-seeing. So highly is Bishop's Citrate of Caffeine esteemed by the Profession that an imitation of it has been introduced into "Squire's Companion to the British Pharmacopœia." Test it and take care that the label bears the name of Alfred Bishop. Supplied by all Chemists at 1/1½ and 2/-; or of Alfred Bishop, Limited, Manufacturing Chemists, Mile End New Town, London, E.

Dr. Ralfe's Testimony.

Dr. Ralfe, of 26, Queen Anne Street, London, W., writes: "I have found Bishop's Citrate of Caffeine exceedingly useful, and widely prescribe it."

"P.I.P." FEUILLETON.

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Author of "A Lover by Proxy," etc.

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ROBERT MERCER could not sleep. His brain was on fire, and he tossed in his bed with impatience. He rose and looked out of the window. There was a tinge of grey breaking through the mist that swept the fallow fields. Then he went back to bed, but the clothes made him hot and feverish. He sat up and, pressing his hands on his brow, sighed many times.

"I'd better go out and walk; it 'll give me something else to think about. The air is stifling here. I must get outside!"

He rose and threw open the casement of the little window. A waft of soft, dewy air came into the room. The light was yet dim and shadowy, and Robert Mercer dressed in the gloom. A thin shrill cock-crow broke the stillness of the early morn. Then, far away, almost like an echo, sounded the answer of another bird.

Mercer stood at the window looking across the billows of mist that clung to the earth. He felt refreshed by the cold air. He was thankful he would not have to teach in the school to-day.

As there was to be a wedding from the hall the village was to make merry.

A spasm of pain twisted the corners of his lips, and he sighed, "Ah, well!" Then he crept gently down the stairs for fear of disturbing his mother.

He turned up the rambling street. Most of the houses were whitewashed and stack-roofed. He heard the clatter of some swallows in the eaves, but most of all he heard the noise of his own tread. He was sure the tramp of his boots on the hard road sounded all over the hamlet. Everything was so still, and only he was about. He walked on the edge of the grass than ran like a long green band skirting the irregular pavement and road. The grass was damp, but he did not heed it. It was better than his loud tread sounding along the village street. If a villager had peeped by the side of the window he would have wondered what brought the schoolmaster out so early.

At the top of the hamlet, just where the roadway turned round to the church, was a great evergreen arch. He saw the banners hanging listlessly, for they were heavy with the dew of the night, and the pink rosettes stuck among the green of the foliage.

He read "Joy to You Both," worked out in white by the girls at the school upon a ground of red.

He hung his head and hurried beneath the arch as though afraid he would be seen.

He was a tall, well-set man was Robert Mercer, not quite thirty years of age, but he looked older, for he allowed his brown beard to grow. He was more of a scholar than a schoolmaster. He was an idler, in truth, and loved to roam through quaint old books. He seemed to lack ambition, and whenever he whipped a boy he was always kind to the youngster for several days after. Perhaps it was because there was a settled sadness upon his face, or because he had kindly brown eyes, that made him a greater favourite with the girls than the boys at the school.

The Rector once said, "If Mr. Mercer were less of a fool and less of a dreamer he wouldn't stay long in Disdale," which meant that Mercer was a clever man and didn't know it, and was content to teach children in an out-of-the-way hamlet at a salary of £91 a year.

Like the lifting of a veil the gloom passed, and the soft blue of the coming day crept after the grey mantle of the night. Over Edge Mount the streaks of fire from the rising sun shot into the sky. Mercer stood and watched the play of light among the clouds. There was the fluttering of birds in the hedges, and from the meadows came the hoarse song of the corncrake.

Having passed the last house in the village he walked slowly. The rebellious thoughts had vanished, and his mind was in harmony with the peace of the new day. He jumped the narrow brook between the road and the hedge, and plucked some honeysuckle and wild roses that intertwined their arms.

Then he tore the blooms to pieces in his idle reverie.

"Of course," he said, "it is just as it should be. I have no right to ask her to make a sacrifice. And it is too late for her now to do so. Even if it were not it would be cowardly of me to ask. She marries Mr. Wilmot, a man of her own class, who honours and loves her, I am sure, whilst with me she would have nothing but——"

He swung his stick at the head of a giant thistle.

"I wonder why Miss Yeardley allowed me to see her morning after morning? It was wrong to always go where she would walk. I ought to have known what would have happened."

He considered for some time as he sauntered along. "And yet in my heart I don't think I am sorry it happened!"

Involuntarily he shook himself and pressed back his shoulders. "After all, we were a man and woman who met and loved one another. It was a holy love—holy on her side because she had all to lose by marrying me; holy on my side because I loved her too well to ever marry her."

The sun had just risen over Edge Mount, and the wreaths of dew against the meadows thinned and melted away. Some cows were lying in a pasture, and they turned their heads and gazed with their big eyes at the man as he wandered by.

"What would the world say," he mused, "if the daughter of a rich squire had a runaway match with a poor schoolmaster? I suppose there would be something in it very funny to the public—almost as amusing as though she ran away with the groom. Ah!"

There was another thistle in his way, and there was almost a savage look as he drove off its head with his stick.

"Well, we're not fools; we ought to be thankful we are not such fools. The way of the world, which we are so used to chiding, is, perhaps, the best after all! I hope—I pray she may be happy with Mr. Wilmot"—and a lump gathered in his throat as he uttered the prayer.

He jumped across a stile and went by a path that bordered a field of corn. The grain swayed with a rustling cadence at the touch of a whispering breeze.

A labourer in moleskins tied with a strap at the knee came slouching along.

"Good mornin', Maister Mercer. Yer oot early lika."

"Good morning, William. Yes, I love the early morning; it's the best part of the day."

"Aye, jest so. But if yer had forty year on it, rain or foine, ye'd get a bit tired. It's going ter be foine. It's always foine when there's a hazy mist-like early on. It's bright sunshiny mornin's that's not to be trusted. It 'll be a foine day for t' weddin'."

"Are you going?"

"Well, I ain't invited-like, or oot o' that sort, but my old woman, who used to be kitchen wench up at th' Hall, says she mun go. An' I suppose I mun go. There 'll be rare jinks th' neet. I'm teld there's ter be some barrels o' ale at th' Blue Bell. Well, good mornin', Sir."

"Good morning, William."

And the old man hobbled off to his work, and Robert Mercer wandered on. "Yes, there 'll be some rare jinks!" he repeated.

He struck through a plantation. The grass was still clinging and wet, but he did not heed. The bushes rose high on either side, and the long glisten-coated larches were full of twittering birds. As the rays of the sun became warmer, the birds perched on the swaying boughs and, ruffling their feathers, performed their toilet for the day.

The path through the plantation led to a brook that wound its way half round the Yeardley estate. Mercer knew the path well. Recently it had been beloved by him. For here he had walked with Helen Yeardley, who was to be married at eleven o'clock to-day.

They would never walk the path again. This morning — the morning of her marriage — he walked it alone, with a tightness at his heart, picturing all that had been said—of last summer, when first they met by stealth, and looked often into one another's eyes to read the story there; of her engagement to Mr. Wilmot—for that had been arranged years ago by the two families; of their meeting again in the early springtime; of their restraint, their fears, their love; of how they had always said every meeting was to be the last; and how the last, indeed, had been only yesterday morning.

This morning he walked alone. He never noticed the cool, fresh odour from the trees and the herbs; nor the gleeful carols of a thousand birds; nor the buzz of new summer insects; nor the nodding of the great kingcups in the stream.

Was it wrong to have loved this woman so far above him? Was it wrong to have loved this woman betrothed to another? Would it make much difference after all? Everybody thought the match was admirable. Well, so it was. There would be a great crowd at the church.

He couldn't go! He would not be missed! He would wander about here all day; he would wait till it was all over—until dusk came, and then he could go home unnoticed. He wouldn't sleep; he knew he wouldn't sleep; but there would be school in the morning. He would work hard. People always said hard work was best when the mind was in pain. He must work hard. His mother must not know; nobody must know. And yet it was a wonder that nobody had ever found out.

He leaned against the rickety fence and watched the journey of a bee among the wild flowers. There was a languor in the air and drowsiness swept over the land.

He turned and listened. The light of expectancy came into his eyes. He stepped forward with eager step.

"You here?"

"And you!"

"I did not intend, Helen, to come and meet you!" he said falteringly. "Indeed, I would rather not have seen you."

He stood looking down and twisting his heel in the ground.

"And I did not expect you to be here, and so I thought this morning I would have one short walk where——"

The man looked straight at her. She was a sunny-faced woman, with her fair hair tied in a loose knot.

"I think," said Mercer, smiling faintly, "it must have been the same thoughts that brought us here before——"

He turned half round and tightened his lips. He looked away across the meadows, studded with buttercup gold.

"Is it so very hard, Robert?" Miss Yeardley asked, softly touching him on the elbow.

"Hard? Oh, dear, no. You see, one must be a philosopher and take the world as you find it. But won't you be missed at the Hall?"

"No; breakfast isn't till nine, and it 's hardly eight yet."

"But a bride must have many——" He broke the sentence and laughed a gay, fresh-hearted laugh.

The woman did not notice how he clutched at the rail as he steadied himself. "It would never do," he thought, "to let her know how my heart aches."

He laughed again. "I am the first to congratulate you this morning. That 's a privilege, isn't it?"

"Is it?" questioned Helen Yeardley somewhat vacantly. "Then all the past——"

"Is past; that 's good reasoning, isn't it?" he interrupted. He stood with his back to the fence and looked wistfully at her.

She was so beautiful, with the country bloom on her cheek and the cluster of wild roses at her waist.

"You see," he added jauntily, "I have been a reasoning animal these last twenty-four hours. I was an ass yesterday morning with all my love speeches and protestations. Well, I have reasoned, and of course I see this is all for the best."

"Yes, perhaps it is," she said slowly. "But you did not—did not talk like this yesterday. I thought—oh, Robert, I thought that if I could be less of a woman and yet more of a woman I should sacrifice all to gain all."

"Now that is nonsense. We have both been rather foolish. Society demands that when two people situated as we are have the misfortune to——"

"Robert, you are not yourself this morning," said Helen earnestly, looking into the man's face.

He gently shook loose the hand placed upon his arm. "Oh, but I 'm myself now. But I wasn't myself yesterday morning, or the morning before, or all the mornings that have passed."

His eyes half closed as though he would have shut out some unpleasant sight.

"Do you know," said the woman calmly, though her eyes were filled with tears, "that I, too, have been thinking since yesterday. And I wandered here this morning with the hope—yes, I confess it, with the hope of meeting you. And what I have to say is this, that it is not too late, that I am willing to come to you, to be yours for ever and ever."

She stood with her hands hanging by her side, waiting, as it seemed, for judgment. Mercer shook in a tremor; his lips grew pale, and for a moment he hesitated. He wanted to take this woman in his arms, to tell her that his heart was breaking, that life's prospect was a dreary journey without her. And yet he realised that a time might come when this woman would think of all she had lost by joining her life to his, and then would repine.

He loved her too well to cause her this pain. Far better he should wound her now, for he knew that the wound would heal.

So all he said was, "I think this is a little unfair to Mr. Wilmot."

It was a rebuke, and the woman shuddered. She hesitatingly raised her eyes to those of the man who was gazing beyond her.

He was playing a part, and she thought it was his real self.

After a time Helen held out her hand.

"Good-bye," she said.

"Good-bye!"

A momentary impulse seized him to pull her to his breast. But no. It would be wrong!

She turned and went away. When he could no longer hear the rustle of her gown against the bushes he threw himself upon the ground and buried his face in the grass.

He still lay there when the bells from the church burst into a peal two hours later. He sat up when the peal ceased. Suddenly, after a long pause, they broke forth again, joyous and merry. He showed no emotion. He picked the heads from all the flowers within arm's reach, and lazily pitched them away.

When the afternoon came, and all was still save the twitter of the birds and the hum of the bees, Robert Mercer went into the dark recesses of the wood. It was cool, and he could think more clearly.

"I ought not to have won her love," he said; "but I gave it back, and it is now in better keeping. But I loved her, and her love will stay with me for ever."

It was not till night came that he went home. He made light of the anxiety of his mother, and listened to all the details of the wedding.

"It's a wonder the schoolmaster doesn't pick out a lass!" a village gossip often said; and another gossip would answer back, "Yes it be wonderful. But he do look like a man that 's been crossed in love."

Crossed in love! Robert Mercer only smiled when he heard the rumour.

THE END.

IN DRINKING COCOA, care should be taken to have the pure article only, as many so-called "pure" cocoas contain added matter which is not only unnecessary, but often positively harmful. CADBURY'S is a perfectly safe and reliable Cocoa, containing the full nourishing properties of the Cocoa bean, without any foreign admixture whatsoever. As a sustaining, strength-giving beverage, and a nourishing food, CADBURY'S Cocoa fulfils every requirement. *Health* says: "CADBURY'S Cocoa has in a remarkable degree those natural elements of sustenance that give the system endurance and hardihood, with a steady action that makes it a most acceptable and reliable beverage."—[ADVT.]

Rosalind's London Fashions.

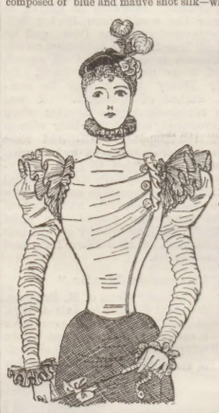
RIGHT sunshine has so far tempered the cold winds lately that for some hours of the day we have been able to don pretty summery garments; though woe betide the rash soul who should sally forth in all her glory of muslins and cambrics without a thoroughly warm wrap to return in. That way lies all the horrors of red or blue noses, suffocating colds, and all the ills that flesh is heir to, for the evenings are still rather wintery. The "Commemoration" or '37 bonnet is decidedly in evidence. My initial shows a smart one just seen of white straw, with a white satin ribbon vandyked up and down the crown; a bunch of white ostrich feathers on the left side, and inside the capacious brim a bunch of pink roses.

In Fig. 1 you have a new hat of white basket straw with a box crown and broad brim. The edge of the latter is draped entirely round with black chiffon. The top of

A New Summer Hat.

the crown has a wreath round the edge of pink roses. On the left side is a large bow of pale blue ribbon, supplemented by an aigrette of white lace, and under the brim is a *cache-peigne* of pink roses.

A Smart Bodice is sketched in Fig. 2. This is composed of blue and mauve shot silk—which is the latest combination. It is quite plain and tight-fitting, with the exception that from the bust upwards three folds are formed, fastened on the left side with three large jewelled buttons, and forming a narrow frill beyond; the rest of the bodice fastening invisibly and being piped all round. The sleeves are ruched or wrinkled, and have epaulettes and ruffles of black chiffon, which also form the throat ruffle. This bodice can be worn with a skirt of corresponding shot-silk, a black skirt, or one of a harmonising blue cloth.



A SMART BODICE A LA MODE.

* * *

Fancy Dress Balls are exceptionally popular this Jubilee year. "La Pompadour" is of white silk, with a pale blue stripe and pale pink roses. It is made with a square-cut pointed bodice, the front of which is trimmed with the flat set bows of the period graduating to the waist. These are of pale blue satin, fastened

Fancy Dress, "La Pompadour."

down the centre by diamonds, or paste buttons, or small brooches. Full white lace ruffles with blue satin bows finish the elbow sleeves. This charming over-robe—which has a Watteau pleat from the square-cut back—is worn over a white satin petticoat with a flounce of white chiffon. The hair is *poudré*, dressed high, and ornamented with a tiny wreath of pink roses and white aigrette.

British Art at the Brussels Exhibition. The King of the Belgians paid a special visit to the Fine Art Section of the Brussels Exhibition, and expressed himself extremely pleased with the collection, which he characterised as "superb."

TOBACCONISTS COMMENCING.—Illus. Catalogue (250 pgs.), 3d. Tobacconists' Outfitting Co., 186, Euston Rd., London. A reputation of fifty years.—MGR., HY. MYERS.—[ADVT.]

6d.—Great Rush for the "P.I.P." National Souvenir of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee. Full of Interest.—6d.

Rural Life.

BY THE "P.I.P." COTTAGE FARMER.

Turkeys for Profit.

COUNTRY readers of my notes appear to be keen about turkeys, and I may be excused for referring to them once again. I find that hen turkeys make splendid sitters. I set them upon all kinds of eggs—ducks', hens', and their own, just as they come in handy. I can even get them to sit twice. With me, every hen turkey sits well. They will sit side by side, "quite social like," and will let me lift them off to feed, and will go on to their own nests again quite gently. As a hen turkey can cover twenty hens' eggs, it is rather good business setting them when the turkeys' eggs are off. To rear turkeys for profit it needs one person to be keenly interested in them personally, and that person should do all the work.

A Single Rearer

can look after, say, twenty-four hen turkeys, their eggs, and the rearing of the young from a flock of that size. With luck, each turkey should give at least twenty-four fertile eggs at two layings. By good management that means 500 young ones, allowing for losses. With a good sale, when they have been fed for a month after showing the red, these young turkeys ought to make from

6s. to 7s. 6d. each—say £150.

And I am sure such an income may be made by turkeys. The hens lay for a long period, and lay well. Much depends on the strain. I am recrossing my own from pure

American Mammoth Bronze,

as by that I get giants up to 40 lb. at a year old. Now I will bring in the troublesome and tedious part of the business. It is in the rearing of the young turkeys during the first few weeks. They are delicate, low in temperature, and take a lot of attention to rear them all. Hen turkeys are not good rearers unless they are under strict control. If they can be enclosed with wire netting along a sunny hedgerow, they may be well controlled.

A YOUNG TURKEY REARING-PEN.

I find open-topped runs covered with half-inch mesh wire the best place for hens with broods of young turkeys. Mine are like the sketch, one foot high and three feet square. A box with a wooden bottom, if cleaned out regularly, will serve for a night shelter; and if this run and box be moved to a fresh spot daily, the birds may be kept in it for two or three weeks. A run out, if one can stay by to watch, during the sunny morning hours, will be good for them. In time they may be left out all day long, wet days excepted. For wet days I put a cover over the run, or over a part of it. A small grass field will run a lot of turkeys. They also require an open shed, where the stock birds can be driven in to perch every night, and where the young ones that have left the hens can be kept on wooden floors till they are old enough to perch without bending their breast-bones.

In the Allotment.

If a load or two of manure be on hand, and the winter-green patch has not yet been cleared and deeply dug, now is the time to work it up and to enrich it for a future crop. Peas of the second early varieties sown now pay well. Pickling onions, beet, and summer lettuces may yet be sown. Cauliflowers may be put in between potatoes or anywhere, if the land was not recently bearing similar plants. Celery should be forward enough to plant out, and the trenches for it should be dug out and the dung got in ready for the plants. In

Making Celery Trenches

there is a wrong way, and many people keep on practising it and never see where it is wrong. I put the best spit of soil away from the edges of the trench, so that it will *not be covered up by the poor soil from the bottom spit*, and so that I can get at it easily. I put about half of the top spit back when I work in the manure, and I never begin filling a trench till I have dug up the bottom of it. An allotment-

MUSHROOM-BED IN A CELLAR.

holder asked me about mushrooms in a cellar. He can grow them well in such a place if he manages properly. The beds need to be flat; they should be made up with fresh stable dung as free from straw as possible. After being trodden, they should be about one foot in depth of material. The spawn should be tucked in at about one foot apart in pieces the size of small eggs all over the bed. A thin coating of loamy soil should be spread over, and be lightly pressed with the spade. A light coating of hay will keep the surface temperature even, and no water should be required till the first crop comes up. Mushroom spawn needs to be very fresh. If it has "run" once, it will be useless.

I Want to Give a Tip

to a few of my town-bred readers who try to picture the country as being all honey and clover, and that they have only to "get into the country" to make a good living by "something or other." Many write to me in that strain. Rural life is a happy, peaceful life, but it is as full of difficulties, if one tries to get on, as life in towns is. A picture like this appeals to the town resident. But the sweat of the brow is not thought of. No; nor the weari-some toil, nor the wet season, nor the hundred other things that come to ruin the hopes of the farmer who depends on a good crop of hay. By the way, one of the best and truest pictures in the Royal Academy is Mr. La Thangue's

THE COUNTRY IN JUNE.

beautiful painting of the "Harvester" returning from his day's toil. Just now hay is very scarce and very dear. Last summer the land was brown and bare in many places where, in other years, two tons of hay per acre had been thought a light crop. I met a

Poor Broken-Hearted Lady Farmer

a few weeks ago, who was at a hard point: she must either sell her little herd, that had taken her years and years to get together, because she had not a bite left for them, or she must pay £6 per ton for Russian hay, and so beggar herself for the next half-year at least. But, for all that, give me the country. The squalor, the pomp and misery, the hollowness of town life, and its crowd of inconveniences, make me feel sick of them quickly every time I visit a town.

If One has Rural Tastes,

and can work with head and hands, he or she, gentle or simple, will succeed in the country. The grand secret of success in the country is work—work with brains and with hands. As to ways and means, I say start small. Learn and practise; get experience, and success will follow. The best line of all is a good speciality. But everything in connection either with buying or selling has to be done with the same business-like attention to detail of working, cost, and profitable markets, as are required in town occupations.

Paper on Horses.

"R. M. D."—The *Live Stock Journal* is the recognised organ of the horse world.

Grass Field Failing.

"J. Watson."—Your tenant is probably in the right: the land wants lime, as is proven by the clover failing so quickly. It also wants nitrates in some form. Basic slag and Kainit, with gas-lime, make a cheap and lasting dressing. Cost about £2 10s. per ton on the land. Quantity—3 cwt. per acre.

Cat Ailing.

"H. Watson."—Stop the cat's meat. Give sulphur in milk or in a little gravy every day for a fortnight. Rub the sores with zinc ointment.

Plants for Cool Greenhouse.

"H. W."—You can raise nothing from seed now that would bloom for autumn other than what will do quite as well in the garden.

Fowls Losing Feathers.

"W. T. P."—Fowls in confinement are liable to a lot of little troubles, and this is one of them. The cock bird is partly to blame in your case. Shut up the cocks.

Cows Grazing at Five Shillings per Head.

"Delhi."—No; it would not pay you all the year round. It might for May, June, and July. Three or four cows—good milkers—would start you fairly well in milk selling. If you get three cross-bred cows and one Jersey, the milk will be of excellent quality, and the profit from the sale of their milk should make a good living.

Millipedes.

"The Doctor."—Take out the old soil, clean out the place thoroughly, gas-tar all the woodwork, put in fresh loamy soil, dress lightly with salt, and when you come across the pests in any numbers, "let them have it" with boiling water.

Buying in Stock Birds.

"Cherry."—Now on till autumn. See that you are getting the right sorts, and do not buy from strangers, except on approval. A pen of six pullets and cockerel for, say, twenty-five shillings, dressed specially for eggs, and another for breeding table-birds of a special cross for that purpose, will start you well. If you cannot get the right sorts write to me again.

N.B.—The writer of "Rural Life" will be pleased to reply to correspondence sent to him through the Editor of *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, 10, Milford Lane, Strand, London.

Mr. J. Birkinshaw was born at Scriven, near Knaresborough, Yorkshire, on Dec. 29, 1843, and is fifty-three years of age. His career as a draughts-player has been particularly eventful, and in the course of the last fifteen years he has engaged in numerous contests for valuable prizes with marked success, having played and defeated such skilled exponents of the pastime as Messrs. J. Bletcher, of Manchester; C. Smith, of Rochdale (in two matches); T. E. Smith, of London; the late W. Strickland, of Leeds; Boocock, of West Riding of Yorkshire; Barrett, of Wakefield; J. Howell, of Leeds; D. Mott, of Armley; and Winn, of Wigan. In the international contest held in London, 1894, between English and Scottish teams, Mr. Birkinshaw defeated Mr. A. B. Scott, of Govan, by two wins, drew with Mr. N. Currie, of Paisley, but lost two games with Mr William Bryden, of Lochee, thus making an equal score. In a recent bout with Mr. J. H. Bailey (a portrait of whom appeared in the *P.I.P.* on Oct. 31, 1896), of thirteen games contested, he won eight, drew four, and lost one. But the latest, if not the most important, of his achievements was gained in the recent great tournament for the London Championship and handsome Cup (presented by Mr. William Belcher, of the Ludgate D.C.), wherein he met and defeated, in the course of five rounds, the following entrants—namely, Messrs. W. S. Lambert, J. W. Marris, A. G. Burgess, L. S. Bebro, and H. Jacob, making the fine total score of seventeen wins, fifteen draws, and only three games lost. The subject of our sketch is widely esteemed, and that he is a man of considerable perseverance, originality, and resource in the game of draughts there is no lack of evidence to prove.

MR. J. BIRKINSHAW, Champion Draughts Player of London.

ASTON'S SOVEREIGN EMBROCATION cures Rheumatism, Sprains, Aches, Wounds, 1s. 1½d.: by post of the Proprietors, 1s. 3d.—ASTON CHEMICAL CO., Birmingham.—[ADVT.]

JOHN GREEN, NORFOLK NURSERIES, DEREHAM, is one of the largest Dahlia Growers in the Kingdom. Write to him for his List; or he will send you Twelve very select Cactus Dahlias for 7s. 6d., or Twelve very good for 5s.—[ADVT.]

*** As there has been a vast increase in the demand for "The Penny Illustrated Paper" during the past twelvemonth, and as each week's Issue is very quickly sold out, readers desirous of securing copies without fail are earnestly advised to instruct at once their local newsagent to send them the Paper regularly each week throughout 1897.

CHESS.

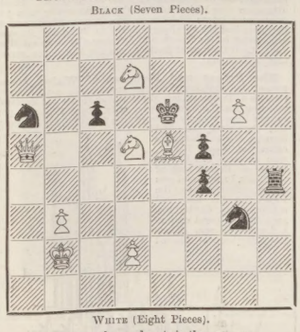
CONDUCTED BY I. GUNSBERG.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 173.—By H. D. O'BERNARD.

1. B to Q R 4th	Kt to Kt 2nd	2. Q to R 6th.	Mate.
1. ,,	P to B 5th	2. Q to R 3rd	,,
1. ,,	P takes P	2. P to B 5th	,,
1. ,,	Kt to B 3rd (ch)	2. P takes Kt	,,
1. ,,	B to R 3rd	2. R to Q 7th	,,

PROBLEM No. 174.—By J. POSPISIL.

BLACK (Seven Pieces).



WHITE (Eight Pieces).

White to play, and mate in three moves.

THAT QUEEN'S KNIGHT'S PAWN!

We do not know how often we have warned our readers against the fatuity of going after the Q Kt P too early in the game. At the risk of reiteration we must once more draw a moral in that direction from the subjoined sprightly game played by two well-known members of a London club. While Black was losing a lot of time in hunting the Q Kt P, White rapidly developed his game and obtained a winning attack. It may be taken as a safe axiom that before the King is in safety, before the pieces are well developed, it is not wise to bother about the Q Kt P.

WHITE (A. Carnock).	BLACK (T. Bolt).	WHITE (A. Carnock).	BLACK (T. Bolt).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	11. Kt to B 3rd	R to Q Kt 1st
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	12. Q to B 3rd	
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P	Evidently with a view to the ensuing pretty combination.	
4. B to Q Kt 5th		13.	R takes P
Endeavouring to graft the Ruy Lopez on to the Scotch. Experimental cross-breeds do not usually turn out well, and this is no exception.		13. Kt to R 4th	R takes B P
		14. Kt takes B	R takes Kt
4.	B to B 4th	15. Q to K Kt 3rd	R to Kt 1st
5. Castles	P to Q 3rd	Castling at this point would probably have been better, even though it does lose the exchange.	
6. Kt takes P	Kt to K 2nd		
7. P to K 5th	B to Q 2nd	16. B to Kt 5th	P to B 3rd
If P takes P, 8. Kt takes Kt, P takes Kt; 9. Q takes Q (ch); R takes Q; 10. B to B 4th, and White would have the chance of getting in among Black's broken Pawns.		If here Q to Q Kt 1st; 17. Q to Q R 3rd, Q to Q Kt 4th; 18. Q R to Q B 1st, etc.	
		17. B takes P	Q to B 1st
8. B takes Kt	Kt takes B	18. Q to Q R 3rd	P takes B
9. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt	19. Q takes R	P takes P
10. B to B 4th	P to Q 4th	20. Q R to K 1st	P to K 5th
		21. P to B 3rd	B to R 6th
		22. P takes P	Resigns.

DRAUGHTS.

W. H. MAUNDER.—Your problem has two keys, by 9 6 and 11 8, and the pieces on 12 and 20 appear to be unnecessary. Try another.

G. S., and F. PARSONS.—Try "Lees' Guide," 1s. 2d., post free. Apply to J. H. Bailey, 49, Peabody Buildings, Orchard Street, Westminster, London.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 130.—By J. MORRIN.

Black: 6, 7, 10, 14, 17, 22, 1K, 30K.
White: 16, 19, 23, 24, 31, 3K, 5K, 29K.

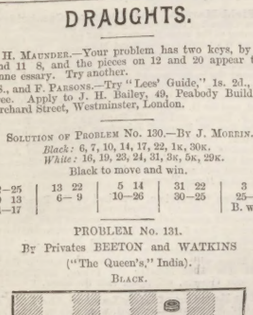
Black to move and win.

22—25	13 22	5 14	31 22	3 10
29 13	6—9	10—26	30—25	25—11
14—17				B. wins.

PROBLEM No. 131.

By Privates BEETON and WATKINS ("The Queen's," India).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move, and win.

RE GAME No. 95.

Our esteemed correspondent, Mr. N. S. Nicholson, suggests an improvement upon this game. At the twenty-first move the position stands thus—

Black (W. Veal): 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 12, 16, 18, 22.
White (Dr. Nairns): 14, 15, 19, 23, 25, 27, 28, 29, 31, 32.

White to move.

28 24 was played, and Black won; but play the following, which appears sound for a draw—

14 9	6—24	28 24	16—20a	31 24	
5—14	27 11	18—27	32 23	Draws.	
15 10	7—16	25 9	20—27		

(*a*) I consider this the best move for Black.—N. S. N.

A Monument of Robert Louis Stevenson, the Scottish novelist whose works have charmed the whole English-speaking race, is to be erected in Edinburgh, his birthplace. The Earl of Rosebery set the ball rolling. Subscriptions may be sent to Mr. J. A. Wenley, Bank of Scotland, Edinburgh, Honorary Treasurer to the Stevenson Memorial Fund.

THAT WICKED FLEA kept me awake all night, simply because I forgot to get a tin of "KEATING'S POWDER," the unrivalled Killer of Fleas, Beetles, Moths, which is sold everywhere in 3d., 6d., and 1s. tins. Harmless to everything but Insects.—[ADVT.]

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HOW THE WORLD WAGS.

HER MAJESTY AND PRINCESS CHRISTIAN (Princess Henry of Battenberg has gone to Kissingen for the benefit of her health) have enjoyed some delightful drives together in the bracing valley of the Dee. On May 28, Abdul Kasim Khan, the Nasser-ul-Mulk, special Envoy, arrived at Balmoral Castle in order to announce the accession of the present Shah of Persia. His Excellency was introduced to Her Majesty's presence by Lieutenant-Colonel the Right Hon. Sir F. Ecstwood Edwards, and afterwards presented the members of his suite to the Queen. In the afternoon Her Majesty drove with Princess Christian and Countess Feodore Gleichen to the Danzig Shiel; and on Saturday last the royal party drove to Birkhall. Braemar was visited by the Queen and Princess Christian on Monday. Lord Balfour of Burleigh was the Minister in attendance at Balmoral.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Princess Victoria and Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, left Marlborough House last Saturday morning for Canterbury, where his Royal Highness performed the ceremony of reopening the Chapter House of the Cathedral, restored through the indefatigable efforts of Dean Farrar, who showed T.R.H. the tombs of Becket and of the Black Prince, and was warmly thanked by the Prince for his historical reminiscences. Canterbury accorded the royal visitors a loyal welcome. Their Royal Highnesses lunched

The CHAPTER HOUSE & BELL HARRY TOWER CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL.

with the Dean of Canterbury and Mrs. Farrar, and after inspecting the Cathedral returned to London. Lady Emily Kingscote and Captain Holford were in attendance. As the Prince and Princess of Wales, on Friday se'nnight, were leaving Marlborough House to attend the State Concert, the horse of one of the escort of Life Guards slipped, and fell with its rider. The driver of the State carriage, to avoid a collision, pulled up his horses smartly, and one fell and broke the pole. The police quickly got the horse on its feet, and the carriage, with its royal occupants, was backed within the gates, to enable the Prince and Princess to change to another vehicle, and they resumed their journey after about a quarter of an hour's delay.

Field-Marshal the Duke of Cambridge, as Hon. Colonel of the Grenadier Guards, presided last Monday evening at the annual dinner of the 1st Guards' Club, held in the Whitehall Rooms, Hotel Metropole. The Prince of Wales supported the chairman on his right, and Colonel L. Oliphant, the Commandant of the Regiment, sat on his left. Among the many present and past officers who attended were Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, General Sir F. Stephenson, Sir R. Gipps, Sir W. G. Cameron, Lord Chelmsford, and Sir G. Higginson; Lieutenant-Generals E. Clive, H. F. Davies, and C. W. Ranolph; Major-Generals A. Ellis, Hon. W. Home, J. Johnstone, Maitland, Thynne, and Trotter. On Saturday last the Prince of Wales, Honorary Colonel of the Prince of Wales's Own Norfolk Artillery, dined with Colonel Viscount Gover and the officers of the regiment past and present, at Sir Savile Crossley's residence in Carlton House Terrace.

Prince Christian, President of the Royal Counties (Berks and Hants) Agricultural Society, will visit the thirty-fifth annual exhibition in Prospect Park, Reading, on Saturday, June 5, when H.R.H. will be received at the Great Western Railway Station by the Mayor, Mr. William Ferguson, and escorted to the show-yard. In the evening the Prince will preside at the Council dinner in the Town Hall. On Whit Monday the Prince, accompanied by Princess Victoria, will again visit the show.

The Remains of Lady Lawson, the Late Wife of Sir Edward Lawson, were last Saturday laid to rest in the churchyard of Beaconsfield, Bucks. The mourners included Sir Edward Lawson, his two sons, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lawson, Captain W. Lawson, Mr. and Mrs. T. Hulse, the Lord Mayor and Mrs. Faudel-Phillips, Sir Henry de Bathe, General Frederick Marshall, Sir Campbell Clarke, and many others. Among those who sent wreaths were the Prince of Wales, Madame Patti, Sir Henry Irving, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, Mr. Justice and Lady Hawkins, Mr. J. L. Toole, Mr. H. McCalmont, M.P., and Sir Richard Quain. Among the members of the staff of the *Daily Telegraph* present were Sir Edwin Arnold, Mr. J. M. Le Sage, Mr. W. L. Courtney, Mr. J. Bennett, Mr. Claude Phillips, and Mr. Charles Greenwood. All the departments of the paper were represented at the graveside of the lamented lady, whose death is such a crushing blow to Sir Edward Lawson and his family. Harriette Georgiana, Lady Lawson, was the only daughter of Benjamin Nottingham Webster, of Pen-y-Craig, Denbigh, the well-known comedian of the middle part of the century, who, as lessee of the Haymarket, produced some of the best contemporary plays interpreted by Macready and the foremost actors of the day.

THE LATE LADY LAWSON.

President McKinley and the Queen.—Heartily welcome to England are the growing throngs of our American cousins. Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the representative of President McKinley at the Diamond Jubilee celebration, will bear a letter to the Queen from Mr. McKinley similar to that sent by the President of the United States on the occasion of the Jubilee celebrations in 1887. This letter expresses appreciation of the great good which has followed the Queen's long reign, and hopes that Her Majesty may continue to enjoy good health.

The British Mediterranean Squadron, composed of the *Ramillies*, with Sir John Hopkins on board, the *Camperdown*, *Gibraltar*, *Jason*, *Barfleur*, *Vulcan*, and *Surprise*, sailed from Malta on Saturday for Cagliari and Gibraltar on a summer cruise. The Squadron will probably return in July. Her Majesty's torpedo-vessel *Polyphemus* arrived at Gibraltar last Sunday from Malta, in order to resume service on the Mediterranean station.

The Bantry Disaster to Bluejackets.—The names of the six petty officers of the *Colingwood* who lost their lives through the deplorable boating disaster at Bantry Bay are: W. Ould, J. Carter, A. E. Francis, A. R. J. Gale, A. C. Deverall, and C. Mackenzie.

King George and the Crown Prince of Greece.—From Athens, at the beginning of the week, came very reassuring statements concerning the position of the Royal Family. It was affirmed not only that the Ralli Cabinet has not favoured anti-dynastic demonstrations, but that there were no such demonstrations to encourage. All educated Greeks recognise that Greece's last hope lies in her Monarchy. It is semi-officially announced that the Crown Prince of Greece is about to proceed to England for the Jubilee festivities.

The Armistice Between Turkey and Greece. The reply of the Ambassadors to the Note of the Porte points out that the fact of an armistice in due form not having been concluded was to be attributed to the wish of Edhem Pasha to embody in the arrangement the bases for the conclusion of peace, a proposal to which the Greek delegates declined to agree. News from Thessaly was not reassuring. The Turks were on Sunday last said to be gradually pushing forward the wings of their army, and a despatch from Lamia said that it was feared they were on the neutral zone, if not on Greek territory.

A Massacre of Cretan Christians was reported from Canea on Monday. On May 28 a party of Turks sallied out of the town of Candia at midnight, and proceeding to the hamlet of Galiva, in the environs, there massacred fourteen Christians, twelve being men and two women. The Cretan Christians are exasperated at this outrage. Rear-Admiral Harris has declared his belief in the impossibility of the Cretan Christians and Mussulmans living in unity. But Time works wonders.

The Aftermath of the Rhodesian War. According to telegrams received at the Colonial Office from Sir A. Milner, there has been sharp fighting in Rhodesia. Major Browne's force attacked Chiesingturni on May 23, and after twenty-four hours' fighting the Umtali Rifles took the first kraal, but had to retire. The enemy kept up a fire on the English camp all night. In the morning of May 26, the enemy made a desperate attack on Major Browne's pickets, but were driven back with heavy loss. The same night a heavy rifle and Maxim fire was kept up on the enemy's position, and next morning the caves and kraals were found to be abandoned. Three troopers were wounded—namely, George Taylor, very bad wound in the head, James Bishop, severely wounded in the foot, both Umtali Rifles; Samuel Hempseed, flesh wound in the upper part of arm. It was added that none of the wounds were likely to terminate fatally.

A Victoria Cross Man of the Matabele War.

TROOPER HENDERSON, V.C.

It is nearly a twelvemonth since an incident of the Matabele war in Rhodesia won renown for Herbert Stephen Henderson, a trooper of the Buluwayo Field Force. It was during a fight at Queen's Reef, when Captain MacFarlane led a party to the relief of the advanced post. Another trooper, named Celliers, being well forward with Henderson, was dismounted, his horse killed, and he himself was crippled by a bullet in his knee. Henderson then set his wounded comrade upon his horse, and these two, after a perilous journey of two days, alone reached Buluwayo. For this act of bravery the Queen has bestowed the Victoria Cross upon Trooper Henderson.

The Chief Portion of the late Sir John Pender's Collection of Pictures was sold last Saturday at Christies', and realised altogether £75,917. Some very high prices were obtained. Four examples of Turner brought altogether £30,345. "Wreckers" was knocked down for 7600 guineas, the highest price ever yet obtained for a Turner at auction; "Mercury and Hersé," 7500 guineas; "The State Procession," 7000 guineas; and "Venice," 6800 guineas. John Philip's masterpiece, "La Gloria," was bought for 5000 guineas on behalf of the National Gallery of Scotland. Two examples of Landseer brought, respectively, 3000 guineas and 2500 guineas; Millais's "Proscribed Royalist" went for 2000 guineas, and Sir David Wilkie's "Cottar's Saturday Night" for 1250 guineas.

The Brothers Redmond, M.P.s—Messrs. John and Willie Redmond, who were prominent in the scene of disorder in the House of Commons on Friday night, May 28, are not new to violent scenes. They came to the front in 1883, when they made a tour in Australia in the interests of the Irish Home Rule party, and brought back £10,000 for the party exchequer. They did more than that, for each brother brought back an Australian heiress, and as a result they have always displayed considerable independence in the councils of the party. Mr. Parnell rewarded the brothers by finding Willie a seat in the House (John was already an M.P.). They are

MR. JOHN REDMOND, M.P. MR. W. REDMOND, M.P.

two of the best-dressed men in the Irish ranks, and John is something of an orator. When the Parnell split took place the Redmonds stuck staunchly to Mr. Parnell, and when he died John Redmond succeeded to the leadership of the party. On May 28 Mr. J. Redmond was suspended, first from the service of the House because he disobeyed the Chairman's ruling, and would continue to support Mr. Clancy in his contention that Ireland was over-taxed for the maintenance of English establishments. Mr. Clancy was next suspended; and Mr. W. Redmond and Mr. Field had to withdraw for persisting in what the Chairman declared to be irrelevant discussion.

Parliament's Whitsuntide Holiday is to be a good one. In the House of Lords, last Monday, the Marquis of Salisbury proposed the House should rise on Thursday for the holidays, and meet again on the 18th inst. A Copyright Amendment Bill, introduced by Lord Monkswell, was read a second time. The Necessitous Board Schools Bill was read a third time and passed by the Lords. Turning to the House of Commons, the business of the same day may be summarised in a few words. Replying to an inquiry by Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Balfour suggested the probability of the adjournment of the House of Commons taking place after a morning sitting on Friday. In Committee on the Workmen's Compensation Bill, clause one, as amended, was agreed to. On clause two there was considerable discussion on an amendment to include agricultural labourers in the purview of the measure. This was opposed by the Government, and rejected, on a division, by 175 to 123. Another amendment, to include the shipping trade under the Bill, was also defeated, though Mr. Havelock Wilson made a firm stand, *à la* Plimsoll, for the sailors.

President Faure's Visit to the Czar.—A private letter, addressed to the *Journal des Débats* from Brest, reports a rumour persistently current in that port to the effect that a division of three cruisers is to be detached from the French Northern Squadron in July for the purpose of conveying the President of the Republic to Russia. The President would sail from Havre or Cherbourg, and, instead of passing through the Kiel Canal, the vessels would make for Cronstadt, via the Skagerrack.

The Prix Du Jockey Club (French Derby) was decided at Chantilly last Sunday, and resulted in the victory of Baron A. de Schickler's Palmiste, Count de Berteux's Flacon and M. J. Arnaud's Doge running a dead heat for second place.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt (the *Daily News* Paris Correspondent says) anticipates a great success in presenting Signora Duse this season to Paris at the Renaissance Theatre. She hopes next year to introduce Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry. Signora Duse, as Ristori did, will play in Italian, but her plays will be familiar to the

BRITON BICYCLE MEETING

AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE LAST SATURDAY.

See "The World of Pastime."

French public — namely, "La Dame Aux Camelias," "Magda," and "Il Cavaliera Rusticana." The late M. Alexandre Dumas's great admiration for Signora Duse's histrionic genius has been disclosed in a series of letters just published in the *Revue de Paris*.

The Thirtieth Austrian Derby was run at Vienna last Sunday in splendid weather. The public interest in the race was exceptionally keen, as for the first time for many years a German horse, Baron Oppenheim's Saphir, was first favourite. Saphir, with Chaloner in the saddle, was an easy first, Sebaj, owned by M. Nikolaus von Sze nere, being second, and Herr Anton Dreher's Tip-Top third. Saphir, however, will never again appear on the racecourse, but will be put to the stud. It appears that he strained his right fore-fetlock about sixty yards from the winning-post, and had to be regularly whipped through in order to win. A few yards beyond the post he broke down, and it was then seen that his left fore-fetlock had also been strained. His owner, on hearing of his victory and the damage done to his horse, is said by the Vienna papers to have burst into tears.

Colonel Sir E. Bradford, the Chief Commissioner of Police, is considering the propriety of excluding the public from London and Westminster bridges—the only bridges on the route of the Queen's Procession—on the Diamond Jubilee Day, in view of the great probability of accidents by people in the crowds climbing on the balustrades. It is suggested that the bridges may be given up to some of the naval, military, or other bodies. The Duke of York's School and other children of soldiers and sailors, for instance, might thus be enabled to view the procession.

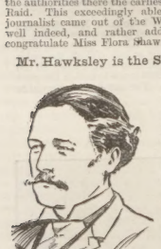
Mr. A. Beit and the Jameson Raid.—When Sir William Harcourt was closely interrogating, at the South Africa Committee, Mr. A. Beit as to the amount of money he had advanced to assist the Jameson Raid, and that millionaire found he was unable to remember to £20,000, he was met by the bantering observation that the man whose recollection was not nearer than that, where many thousands were concerned, was to be envied. The questions and answers showed Mr. Beit, at any rate, to be one of the twenty richest men in the world, since Mr. Labouchere's computation, that seven millions was the probable value of his holding in one mine, places him far and away above men who had hitherto been reputed as richer. Mr. Beit is very bitter with the Boers, from whose country has been gained his enormous wealth; and, however much we may be inclined to blame some of Mr. Labouchere's methods, there are certain points in his strictures on these South African millionaires, and the way they have accumulated these enormous sums, which are well justified. Presently the wonderful little Barney Barnato, who has been ill, will be returning, probably for the Jubilee, and then, within ten days after, we shall know whether Dr. Leyds and Mr. Chamberlain have arranged everything amicably.

MR. A. BEIT.

Miss Flora Shaw.—Curiously enough, the most unruffled witness at the South Africa Committee has been a lady and a journalist—Miss Flora Shaw, the head of the Colonial Intelligence Department of the *Times*. Miss Shaw is the niece of Sir Eyre Massey Shaw, who was for a long time the Chief of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade. She is a tall, fresh-complexioned, and self-possessed lady. Miss Shaw's Colonial experiences are by no means confined to South Africa. She has travelled almost everywhere, and her adventures in Australia alone would fill a book. As to her discreetness and knowledge of affairs, some notion may be gathered from the fact that Mr. Cecil Rhodes communicated with her confidentially, and the "raiders" made her their confidant. Indeed, as Miss Flora Shaw vowed, it was she who called at the Colonial Office and gave the authorities there the earliest intimation of the Jameson Raid. This exceedingly able and well-informed lady-journalist came out of the Westminster inquisition very well indeed, and rather added to her laurels. We congratulate Miss Flora Shaw.

MISS FLORA SHAW.

Mr. Hawksley is the Solicitor of Mr. Rhodes who refused to produce before the South Africa Committee those telegrams which were shown to Mr. Chamberlain in confidence last year. Mr. Hawksley is a big, burly, jovial-looking personage, well known in the City as one of the keenest solicitors in financial matters. He is the solicitor to the Chartered Company, and also to Mr. Rhodes, so that his name has continually been before the public in the excited controversies of the last twelve months. He has attended all the sittings of the South Africa Committee, ready to prime his clients with the documents or the facts that they relied on in their explanations.



MR. HAWKSLEY.

The Booksellers' Provident Institution (President, Mr. C. J. Longman) is one of those benevolent associations to which every section of the bookselling trade ought to belong. Many interesting facts concerning it were communicated by the devoted secretary, Mr. G. Larner, at the recent annual dinner, graced by the presence of Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, M.P., the distinguished historian, in the chair, supported by Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, Mr. John Murray, Mr. Bemrose, M.P., Mr. C. J. and Mr. T. Wanton Longman, Mr. John C. Francis, many popular authors, the *élite* of "the Trade," and the Ven. Archdeacon Sinclair, who appropriately dwelt upon the philanthropic side of the Society's praiseworthy work. The Queen is Patron of the Booksellers' Provident Institution. In the sixty years of its existence, corresponding with the reign of Her Most Gracious Majesty, no less a sum than £64,644 has been expended in its beneficent work, the very magnitude of this sum conveying a proof of the success which has attended its operations. During 1896 the large sum of £1120 was disbursed in relief to members or their widows. Fresh subscriptions are much needed. The Booksellers' Seaside Holiday Home at Eastbourne was started nearly three years ago, and the committee venture to think it has so far proved a success. In the first two years no less than 519 adults and children used the Seaside Holiday Home for periods varying from one to two weeks. The Home is open to all booksellers and their assistants, one and all of whom should make it a rule to subscribe regularly to this admirable Provident Institution. A delightful Booksellers' holiday is pleasantly heralded by the *Athenæum* in a reference to the Abbots Langley Retreat: "It is suggested that members wishing to visit the Retreat during the summer should form themselves into parties of from twelve to twenty, and that arrangements should be made to supply such parties with tea, etc., at moderate charges. All information can be had from Mr. George Larner, at 48, Paternoster Row."

The Death of Mr. C. J. Phipps, the Theatrical Architect, which took place at his residence in Mecklenburgh Square on May 25, came as a great shock to his relatives and friends, for although he had been somewhat unwell through having caught a chill while travelling up from Dover, there seemed no immediate cause for anxiety. Mr. Phipps will probably best be held in memory in years to come by his latest architectural achievement — namely, Her Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket. Among the other theatres in London which have been built from his designs are the Gaiety, the Prince of Wales's, the Princess's, the Strand, the Savoy, and the Lyric; but perhaps the best of Mr. Phipps's work will be found in the provinces, where, owing to more advantageous sites, his buildings are more imposing and their architecture is seen to better effect.

THE LATE MR. C. J. PHIPPS.

Diamond Jubilee Prizes at Bisley.—Speaking at the N.R.A. meeting on Monday, the Duke of Cambridge remarked: "In recognition of this memorable year of the Diamond Jubilee of Her Majesty the Queen's reign, the Council have decided to throw open the 'Imperial' prizes to members actively serving in all branches of Her Majesty's forces. The prize list has been increased to £500, and in connection with this competition there will be a series of 'Commemoration' prizes of the aggregate value of £100, open only to competitors from India and the Colonies."

Mr. Clement Scott's Readable Reminiscences in "The Wheel of Life,"—is, published by Lawrence Greening and Co., 20, Cecil Court, Charing Cross Road, London—have charmed many readers who rejoice in these glimpses of the gay, light-hearted Bohemia, which is so very different from the swallow-tail art and literary clubs of the present day. The debonair discoverer of "Poppyland" is essentially a cheerful writer. Looking generally on the bright side of life, Mr. Clement Scott (so well known as dramatic critic of the *Daily Telegraph*) has the happy knack of infusing much of his good spirits and sunshiny nature into all who are fortunate enough to read "The Wheel of Life." It might be called "London's Literary Animatographe," so vividly are great actors and actresses, great writers and artists, brought before us in their habits as they lived—and as they still live, in a great number of cases, we rejoice to know. Just the book to buy when you are starting on a railway journey, "The Wheel of Life" (dedicated in all good-heartedness to Mr. John Merry Le Sage) will relieve the tedium of the journey and make the reader long for the promised larger work of Clement Scott's Recollections, of which this is an appetiser. The same publishers (Lawrence Greening and Co.) announce another book by Mr. Clement Scott, entitled "Sisters by the Sea"; also a new story by Mr. Horace Lennard, with the rather striking title "The House Where Love is a Stranger."

MR. CLEMENT SCOTT.

Death of Mrs. P. W. Clayden.—We regret to announce the death last Saturday, after a brief illness, of Ellen, the second wife of Mr. P. W. Clayden, of 13, Tavistock Square, in the sixty-first year of her age. Mrs. Clayden was well known by Liberal and philanthropic workers in London, and as the wife of Mr. Clayden, who was for some years acting Editor of the *Daily News*, and continues to be a keen Gladstonian. Many philanthropic institutions, such as the Home for the Dying at St. Luke's House, Osnaburgh Street, and the People's Drawing-Room in Charlton Street, had her unremitting attention.

The Coaching Club's Wet Meeting in Hyde Park last Saturday morning saw any number of Mark and Mary Tapleys about under umbrellas on the coaches and along each side of the road, as may be gleaned from the *P.I.P.* Snap-shot. Despite the rain, there were thirty-three coaches. Lord Hothfield's fine team of dark browns seemed none the worse for their previous day's "outing" at Hurlingham, and quite ready for a second drive to the Ranelagh.

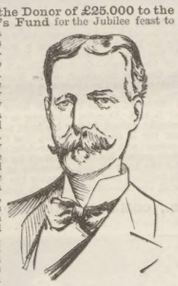
Miss Marie Lloyd had no sooner returned from her remarkable professional trip to the Transvaal, where she was credited with making peace with Oom Paul, than she was suddenly called upon to make an earlier appearance at the London Music Halls than she had bargained for.

MISS MARIE LLOYD.

From a Photograph by W. V. Amey, 253, Commercial Road, Landport, Portsmouth.

Speaking of the capital performances at the Canterbury, in Westminster Bridge Road, the merry little *Entr'acte*, so well conducted by Mr. W. H. Coombes, said: "There was a disappointment felt at this hall on Monday [May 24], but there was a refreshing surprise forthcoming to make amends. Mr. Dan Leno was suffering from influenza, and was unable to keep his engagement. This was a wet blanket, but a comforter arrived in Miss Marie Lloyd, who sang her songs with all that piquancy which she knows so well how to employ. She obtained a most enthusiastic reception, and after she had dispensed her songs she was recalled to receive another big ovation. On this occasion she was accompanied by Mr. Fred Holden, the manager, who explained that Miss Lloyd was suffering from nervousness, and had begged him to express her thanks for the generous welcome the audience had given her." The fair and sparkling Marie was on Sunday evening found recuperating among the many scattered by the thunderstorm at Tugg's Island Hotel, Hampton Court. London is the livelier since Marie Lloyd returned.

Mr. T. J. Lipton, the Donor of £25,000 to the Princess of Wales's Fund for the Jubilee feast to the London poor, is a self-made man. His parents were Irish peasants, who emigrated to Glasgow, and there Mr. Lipton was born. He steadily worked his way up the ladder, and now he is at the head of a gigantic wholesale and retail provision business. He has palatial grey granite offices in the City Road, and retail shops all over the country. He owns tea plantations in Ceylon, bacon-curing works in Ireland, jam factories in London, and is believed to possess great wealth. He lives in a beautiful house in a northern suburb, and confines himself to the direction of his colossal business. A picturesque glimpse of Mr. Lipton's Ceylon tea plantations is given by Mr. Clement Scott in his popular shilling book "The Wheel of Life": "Shall I ever again see Kandy, or Newera Elyia, or the gorgeous tea estates of my dear friend, Thomas Lipton, at Dambateni, or know how to pick tea, three leaves and a bud, or see the gathered tea whirled down on a wire through space to the factory, or see the romance of tea from the bud and flower to the tea-shop in Walworth or Newington Butts?" Mr. Scott adds, "It was thought at one time that the coffee industry had died out of beautiful Ceylon; but at Dambateni and other estates owned by Mr. Lipton the coffee is almost as successful as the tea."



MR. T. J. LIPTON.

Mr. Ernest Terah Hooley has purchased a small estate adjacent to Osborne House in the Isle of Wight.

Bass's Monster Excursion.— Messrs. Bass, Ratcliff, and Gretton, Limited, employ thousands of workpeople, and these had a well-organised excursion from Burton to Great Yarmouth last Monday. Mr. William Walters's elaborate illustrated programme stamped him as a master organiser worthy the notice of F.-M. Lord Wolseley. This colossal holiday trip was a triumph also on the part of Mr. J. W. Nightingale, Refreshment Contractor of the Great Yarmouth Aquarium.

Alleged Murder by a Housekeeper. — Last Monday evening Deputy Coroner Salkeld held an inquest at the Albion Hotel, Easington Lane, near Durham, touching the death of an old man, aged sixty-three years, named James Tibbett, who is alleged to have died from injuries inflicted at his home in Easington Lane, Easington Lane, by his housekeeper, Elizabeth K. Hodgson, who is at present in custody charged with causing his death. The jury returned a verdict of "Wilful murder" against the prisoner, who was accordingly committed for trial at the next Durham Assizes.

Fatal Level Crossing Accident.—A coach containing twenty-two passengers was last Monday struck by a train at a level crossing at Valley Stream, Long Island. Six occupants were killed, and the others were injured.

THE COACHING CLUB'S WET MEETING IN HYDE PARK ON SATURDAY LAST.

MAYPOLE SOAP

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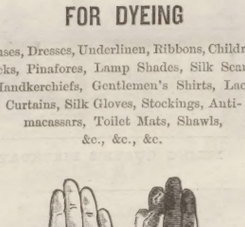

MAYPOLE SOAP.

All Colours price 4d. per Tablet; Black, 6d. Sold Everywhere.

SOLE PROPRIETORS,

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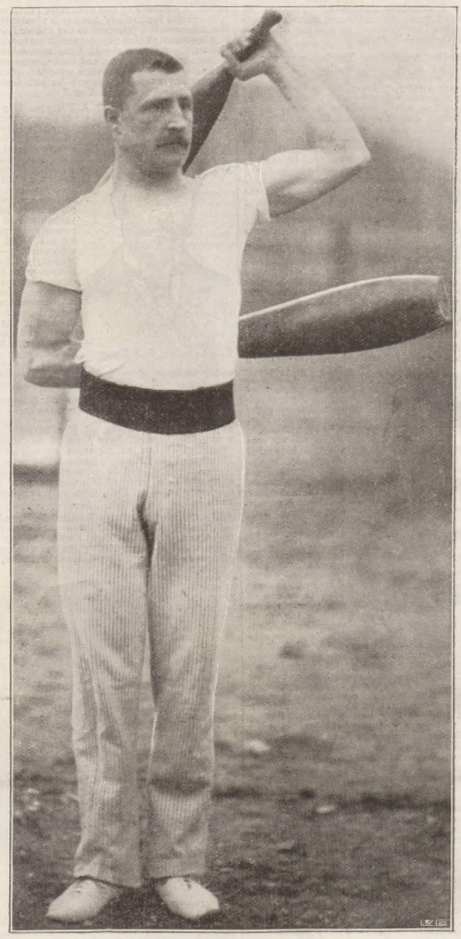
One of the most trusty of Great Britain's Sea-Rulers, Rear-Admiral Harry Holdsworth Rawson, C.B., was worthily raised a step in rank on the Queen's Birthday by reason of the despatch and thoroughness with which he conducted the Expedition to punish the murderous Kinglet of Benin for his treachery in slaying a peaceful British Mission. Look at his face, and note the decision of character which has won for Sir Harry Rawson deserved honours. He is now a Knight Commander of the Bath, and many of his officers—Captain Michael Pelham O'Callaghan, Captain Thomas MacGill, Captain George Le Clere Egerton, Captain Randolph F. O. Foote, and Fleet-Surgeon Michael Fitzgerald—were named C.B. for the gallant part they took in the successful trip to Benin. Born in '43, Sir Harry Rawson has been in the Navy since he was fourteen. He first saw service in the Chinese Wars of 1856-61, and was mentioned in despatches for bravery. He jumped overboard in the Shangani River and saved the life of a Marine on a dark night. He was nominated Commander of H.M.S. *Hercules*, belonging to the Channel Squadron, in 1871, and rose to be Captain six years later. The Admiralty valued highly his lucid report on the defensive possibilities of the Suez Canal. He was Military Commandant for a time at Cyprus; was Chief Transport Officer during the Egyptian War in 1882, gaining his C.B. and other honours; and was made Rear-Admiral in 1892. Appointed Commander-in-Chief on the Cape of Good Hope station, he soon proved his mettle afresh by capturing M'Weli, the headquarters of the Arab Chief M'burok. Last year he settled the hash of the Pretender at Zanzibar with a few broadsides. We know with what celerity he led the Benin Expedition, and can imagine the services he afterwards rendered at a critical moment by his opportune appearance with the British Squadron in Delagoa Bay.

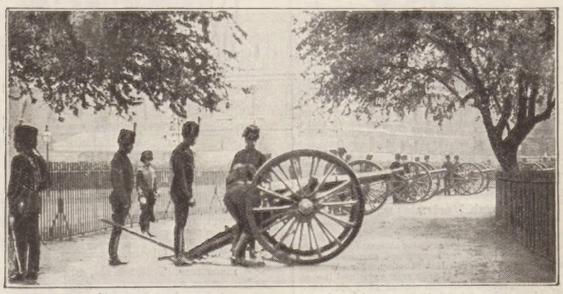
REAR-ADMIRAL SIR H. RAWSON, K.C.B., COMMANDING CAPE SQUADRON.



"Advance Australia!"—A remarkable performance in the way of club-swinging was accomplished at the National Sporting Club, Covent Garden, on May 26, by the Australian athlete Tom Burrows. Commencing at thirteen minutes past two on the preceding afternoon, Burrows maintained a rate of something like fifty-five revolutions per minute for thirty successive hours, and, finishing fairly strong and well, he broke the previous best figures of twenty-seven hours that had stood to the credit of T. R. Box, of New Zealand. A committee composed of the following gentlemen: Messrs. George Piesse, B. J. Angle, John Fleming, G. T. Dunning, J. T. Davies, and H. Wakefield, watched Burrows throughout his long task, which stands as a genuine record. We have much pleasure in adding his photograph to the *P.I.P.* National Portrait Gallery.

TOM BURROWS, THE AUSTRALIAN CLUB-SWINGER WHO BROKE THE RECORD AT THE NATIONAL SPORTING CLUB.

From a Photograph by W. Gregory and Co., West Strand.



FIRING QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY SALUTE IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.

Royal Birthday Salute.—A large concourse witnessed the firing of a Royal salute in honour of Her Majesty's birthday in St. James's Park by the Royal Horse Artillery on May 26. The detachment arrived at the gates leading to the lake in the Park at a smart trot a few minutes to one p.m., under the command of Major Mason. The guns were at once detached from their carriages, and arranged in a curve round the water. Punctually at one o'clock the order was given to fire; and one by one the guns bellowed forth their salute. Although the rain had been coming down all the morning, it fortunately left off a few minutes before the firing commenced. The order was then given to attach the guns to the carriages, the operation being carried out in a very smart and masterly manner. The cavalcade afterwards moved off to their barracks at St. John's Wood, making a very imposing show.

COMMANDING OFFICER GIVING THE ORDER TO FIRE THE ROYAL SALUTE.

"THE WILD MAN FROM BORNEO" AT CHELSEA BARRACKS.

THE ZAPTIEHS FROM CYPRUS ON PARADE AT CHELSEA BARRACKS.

THE RACING WORLD.

WHAT SORT OF A DERBY was it to be? That was the question asked by I don't care to guess how many thousands of Her Majesty's lieges. To that came answer Why,

A Jubilee Derby,

of course! Which was correct and incorrect at the same time, and not strictly accurate in the "of course!" Because, though in the Great

GALTEE MORE, WITH C. WOOD UP.

Reign Jubilee Year, it was not bound to be anything extra, prepared with special view to impress itself on our population's memories and make visitors, foreign and colonial, admire and envy. Again, this was no Jubilee of the Derby. It is an odd number of the series since the grand race at Epsom was invented and given effect. But Jubilee carries with it an idea of bigness, and does now that we are all dwelling on the forthcoming magnificent function. Jubilee conveys to the fancy association with a record crowd on a record fine day, with all going well, more particularly the fine or Queen's weather. We couldn't expect anything above average in the field's proportions; far from that only a little troupe would face the starter, and it was—on paper, at least — a one-horse race. But though we are all bitten so badly with sport just about this time, the race, after all, is to a great majority only a nominal excuse. I mean so literally.

The Name "The Derby"

conjures so well that if it came to be an actual walk-over, instead of a virtually one-horse affair as the betting made it

For Galtee More,

the crowd would be as great. It was not a question what this assemblage would see, but how it would find its way to the Downs and fare on them, and while en route out and home. All promised so well, all barring the anti-gambling prosecution, which threatens to wipe out one feature of the celebration, not this year but in the near future. The bookmakers of all degree were to be done away with, improved off the face of the earth, and what should we do then, poor things? Bet with welshers on the sly, I suppose. The great guide to racing, not the *Racing Calendar* nor MacCall's *Form at a Glance*, the *Lunar Month*, or any of those, but the barometer, spake fairly, with an indication gradually improving all Saturday and Sunday and Monday up to a point, and then we asked the question again, What sort of a Derby is it to be? inquiring with an uncertain amount of trepidation. For to

The Epsom District

came a fearful thunderstorm, despite the glass's flattering tips, and the bare thought of something like a repetition on Wednesday gave one "the creeps."

What would become of us if we were inflicted with thunder and lightning, with rain like waterspouts, while on the road or up on the hill? What could become of the people? That might be said only by such as underwent the experience. The few occupants of the boxes in the stand were all right, so were the members of the club stand, and the officials and others privileged to use the offices adjacent to the weighing-rooms. But

EPSOM GRAND STAND ON THE DERBY DAY: THE PRELIMINARY CANTER.

In the Stand,

as available for the general public, is no shelter worth the name, because what there is could accommodate only a percentage of the crowd who paid their ring fees. And, to make matters worse, those who gained the advantage of putting themselves under a roof and escaping the downpour, were mostly wet already, and steamed together in an unwholesome "squash." People "crowded out" seemed twice as big as they ought to be, what with overcoats and macintoshes. Umbrellas sprang up like mushrooms or magic, not properly protecting their proprietors and inflicting misery on neighbours. The business of the ring could be carried on only under extreme difficulties. Looked at from over the way the face of the buildings presented nothing better than various strata of blackness. Over the way similarly inspected was more sombre still and even drearier. In the first place there was no landscape to enjoy. The hill, seen through a mist of rain, and seen darkly, was simply an elevation crowned by a stand and a number of vehicles, whose owners or hirers were possessed of two ideas: one, that they were sorry they came; the other, that they would be very thankful indeed to be home again. Who would take the long walk to

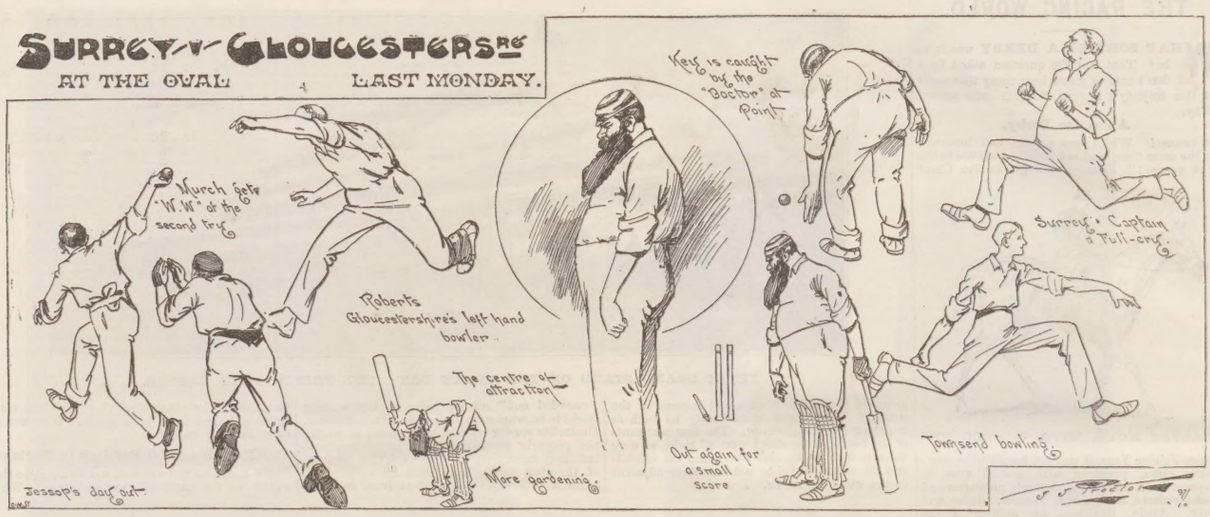
The Most Beautiful Paddock in England

to get mired on the way and wet through to the ankles on the grass of that enclosure? Why should you—you wouldn't catch the horses on view if you did! So take consequences. No diversion to be made out of the start nor the preliminary canter incidents, which I daresay our Artist would manage to "catch" somehow were a Derby run in a dense fog, if that impossibility were possible. Even the Derby Dog; the unwilling humorist of the occasion, failed to raise his customary laugh. No fun, no room,

BY COACH TO EPSOM DOWNS.

THE DERBY DOG.

"P.I.P." DERBY ANIMATOGRAPHE: CLEARING THE COURSE, AND ROUNDING TATTENHAM CORNER.



no jollity, no anything good except the British good humour under difficulties. No nothing! I must outrage rules and put it in that way. There's a picture for you! Too dreadful to think of, coming after such an unfortunate lead up to the race. What with Vesuvian being scratched and Velasquez failing to sustain his two-year-old form, and

Berzak Knocking Himself

on the very eve of the engagement, and only a small number of poor class being sent to Epsom to go through the form of opposing Galtee More, such a day must be reckoned altogether by the least prone to grumble. Let us turn on the right tap, and, instead of writing of black anticipation and realisation, with blurred landscape, drenched spectators, horses dripping, and colours soaked till they are black, and only those close can tell one from another, here we are with

A Derby Day of the Right Sort.

Who cares if Galtee More can squander his field? Does anyone, I wonder, ever congratulate the prophets of evil when a red-hot favourite like this goes down? Would you, gentle reader, say a good word to the man who gloried in seeing his tip come off—the man who always said "the favourite would be beaten?" Certainly the unexpected arrives, but we don't want to be worried about its coming before it forces itself on us. Here we are, I say, with the right tap turned on our Derby Day, not the wretched sample tipped by Monday night and Tuesday morning. Wet? Who said wet? Dull? Nonsense! No views? What do you think of

The Downs, all the Fresher for the Rains,

and the foliage, thickened wonderfully in a couple of days' growing weather? Are there not colours bright enough in the ladies' dresses over the way to relieve the men's more soberly tinted clothing? Is it not worth the long ride down—even if that of itself were not a pleasure—to enjoy such views as are commanded from the stands?

Galtee More's Victory.

A finer day for the big race could not be desired. A bigger crowd has never been seen on the Downs. Galtee More won very easily at last, though for a few strides Velasquez looked like making a race of it; but at the finish nothing else but these two had a chance. The first three were—

Mr. J. Gubbins's b c Galtee More, by Kendal—Morganette (violet, crimson buttons and cap)	C. Wood
Lord Rosebery's b c Velasquez, by Donovan—Vista (primrose and rose hoops, rose cap)	J. Watts
Sir S. Scott's b c History, by Hampton—Isabelle (Eton blue, scarlet collar, cuffs, and cap)	M. Cannon

The Derby time by Benson's chronograph was 2 min. 44 sec.; time last year 2 min. 42 sec.

I am glad my last year's tip came off; but no credit attached to tipping the colt after the Guineas. May the ladies have fine weather likewise on Friday for

The Oaks,

for which my choice is Chelandry.—BENDIGO.

Praying for the Crops at Hitchin was commented on in last week's *P.I.P.* Writing from Wilmslow, Cheshire, Mr. J. Moss Fletcher says: "I am much amused at your account of their 'Praying for the Crops' in Hertfordshire. Ours, in Cheshire, are past praying for, as they are the best (so far) that I ever saw; we have also had the best week I ever saw in May—alternate days of rain and sunshine."

A Word-Portrait of the Queen, by Mr. B. Israel, will please those who delight in curios. It is stated that 173,000 words, relating Her Majesty's history, are employed in this ingenious piece of work, which occupied the inventor four years and seven months. It is issued by the Diamond Jubilee Publishing Company, 401, Strand.

A Neat Pun.—Howard Paul is responsible for this anecdote of Lilian Russell—

The fair vocalist was lunching at a restaurant, and ordered "floating island," a popular *entremet*. In due course it arrived, and on its snowy surface three little red ants were having a cheap pic-nic, and wriggling about in ecstatic contortions on the banquet they were enjoying.

"Waiter," said Miss Russell, "I asked you for an island, but I said nothing about its being inhabited. Take it away, and bring me a *dessert* island."

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

THE inaccessibility of the Essex County Cricket Ground at Leyton has been preached as an excuse for the small attendances there at cricket matches, but the road was found readily enough on the first day of the eastern county's engagement with Sussex, and will be again if

Essex

continue the season as they have begun it. On the day referred to there were several thousands of spectators, the biggest attendance on the ground at a cricket match, and though the second day was unpropitious as regards weather, a full day's cricket for Saturday raised hopes of ample compensation. And compensation there would have been, for it appears—so great is the love for first-class cricket—that a very large number of hands employed at the railway works had arranged for leave of absence in order to be present. Alas! these hopes were not to be realised. The rain came after forty minutes of play, and continued so long that further progress was rendered impracticable, so at four o'clock stumps were pulled up. In this drawn match there were several good things, and, perhaps,

Killick's Six Wickets for 47 Runs

was the best. He started when the Essex batting seemed to be in the ascendant, and the feat summarised above made all the difference to the home team's innings. Then there were Ranjitsinhji's fine innings of 79, made in by no means favourable circumstances, Bean's rapidly hit 44, and Mead's excellent bowling for Essex—six wickets for 85 runs. Another drawn match, and one also interfered with by the weather, was that between

Warwickshire and Hampshire.

In this W. G. Quaife for the first-named played a fine innings—one of several this season by him—of 136. The side made 382, and with Hampshire out first time for 177, victory seemed to await the Midlanders; but the visitors played up admirably at their second attempt, scoring 123 for the first wicket, and scoring 262 with only four men out. Mr. C. Robson (75), Barton (not out 44), and Mr. C. G. Ward (55) were the chief contributors to this redeeming effort.

An Excellent Example by Mr. F. S. Jackson

was set the Yorkshire team in the county's match with Cambridge University. He scored 61 in the first innings and 79 not out in the second; but the full totals of the scores amounted only to 160 and 162 respectively, and the Light Blues, who had been decisively beaten by Sussex early in the week, triumphed over the Northerners, whom they beat by four wickets.

Oxford Again Do Well,

administering a seven wickets' defeat to Somersetshire on Saturday. A. Eccles, with 67 and 11 not out, was the highest scorer for the University, and Nichols, the bowler, with 35 and 54, obtained more runs than any other member of the county team. One of the best performances in the match was accomplished by Mr. E. C. Wright, who, in the second innings of Somerset, took five wickets for 44 runs.

Leicestershire Do Well at Lord's.

Decisive defeats had been the portion of Leicestershire prior to this week, and though the Midland county deserved some sympathy, in that they had been deprived of the services of one of their strongest players, it looked as if their cricket had fallen off. It was therefore gratifying to find them making a better show against the M.C.C. than they had done against the counties. Mr. C. J. Wood obtained 70 runs in a merry, if somewhat fluky, manner; Coe put together 64 runs, and, for the greater portion of his innings, played capital cricket; and Mr. H. H. Marriott contributed 47 in an exemplary manner. The total of the innings reached 251, this good score being followed by some very successful bowling on the part of

Woodcock—Six Wickets for 66 Runs.

M.C.C. found they had to follow on. There was one circumstance which probably helped the county considerably, and that was the dismissal of Bean in a most unusual manner. Woodcock had bowled five balls (a complete over); the fifth Bean played back to him. The umpire at the bowler's wicket moved from his position, as if intimating by such movement, rather than calling, that the over was at an end. Woodcock trundled the ball to the opposite wicket in the manner of bowlers who have finished an over. The ball hit the stumps, and Bean (evidently under the impression that "over" had been called, or, at any rate, that the ball was dead) was out of his ground. There was an appeal, and the batsman's umpire gave Bean out. I presume this is a strict interpretation of the law, as "over" had not been called, but the ball had evidently been "finally settled." The incident is another proof that the batsman should never take anything for granted, or be "off his guard."

Mr. Jessop and Surrey Wickets.

Gloucestershire had a very good team at the Oval on Monday, and at the close of the day held an advantage over Surrey, whose batsmen failed with few exceptions before the bowling of Mr. Jessop, on a wicket which had not quite recovered from the effects of Sunday's wetting. The young Cantab took five wickets for 30 runs, and but for the plucky batting of Baldwin and Richardson, his analysis would not have suffered much. Mr. W. G. Grace won the toss, and put Surrey in, a course which the day's experiences appeared to justify. Mr. S. A. P. Kitcat's 54 for the western county was the highest score.

Good Cricket in Nice Weather at Nottingham.

Visitors to Trent Bridge saw nothing of an extraordinary character in the cricket of Monday, but they had plenty to interest. Though Messrs. Mason and Stewart failed, Alec Hearne, Mr. C. J. Mordaunt, Mr. G. J. V. Weigall, Mr. F. Marchant, Easley, and Wright, lent valuable assistance to Kent, who did much better against Notts than had been expected of them.

Yorkshire and Hampshire.

Chief feature of the opening day's play in this match at Birmingham was the batting of Mr. F. S. Jackson (57) and Denton (90), the two cricketers who did so well against Somerset recently.

Derbyshire Batted All Day

at Derby against Warwickshire, and though their cricket was slow, the result was satisfactory, for the total reached 263, and five batsmen scored over 40, the highest innings being Mr. Maynard's 50. At Manchester the success of F. H. Sugg (71) and Tyldesley (46) held out hopes of a big score for Lancashire; but Phillips came on after four other Middlesex bowlers had been tried, and secured

Six Wickets for 37 Runs,

thanks to which seven of the home side were dismissed for 51 runs, after three had made 124 between them.

Golf in Teneriffe.

The popularity of golf spreads with the British Empire. I have been intending for some time to thank Her Majesty's Consul at Teneriffe for his courtesy in forwarding to the *P.I.P.* a cluster of views of the Orotava Golf Links there, opened by the English Grand Hotel Company. No wonder Teneriffe has become a fashionable residence. Scenery picturesque, the air is most salubrious. Tom Dunn laid the links admirably. Santa Ursula, where the golf links are situated, is about six miles from Orotava, on the Santa Cruz road, and for scenery the most fastidious could not help being delighted with it. The club house itself is really a beautiful residence. In founding the golf club the greatest credit is due to two Spanish gentlemen, Don Victor E. Perez and his brother Don Jorge V. Perez, the well-known doctor at Orotava.

A List of 2100 Clubs

frequented by the English in all parts of the world has been most seasonably reissued in this year of Royal Jubilee by Mr. E. C. Austen Leigh, M.A. Over 650 Golf Clubs are included in this fresh edition, which is published by the great printing firm of Spottiswoode and Co., New Street Square, E.C., for 1s. 6d. It is interesting to note in Mr. Austen Leigh's useful handbook—entitled, by the way, "Clubs: 1897"—the great variety of titles of the established clubs in London.

English "Brassard" for Professional Cyclists.

This was the chief event in a programme of professional cycling carried through on Saturday at Wood Green. That only one thousand persons assembled cannot altogether be explained away by the weather, for racing had commenced before the rain came. Proprietorship of the "Brassard" was determined by the result of a ten-miles paced race, in which A. A. Chase and A. Baugue were the competitors. Chase won very easily, and so became entitled to 10s. per day until beaten in a race of the same kind. The holder is bound to accept any challenge from a professional holding an N.C.U. license within fourteen days of the same being issued, and, under any circumstances, payment ceases on Sept. 30 next.

Brixton B.C. Meeting at the Crystal Palace.

A wet morning caused the Sydenham grounds to look very fresh, but the dampness deterred many from leaving the amusements of the interior for what might be provided in the sports arena. As it happened, all who did not attend missed a remarkable performance. A slow bicycle race was a very common event in the early days of cycle racing, but this was allowed to drop out after it became apparent that almost anything could be done with the bicycle, from riding with head on saddle and legs in air to doing so hanging from said saddle. It was revived on Saturday, however, and even the fastest of the riders concerned exhausted

9 min. 0 1-5 sec. to Cover a Mile.

Seriously, this was the time of the final heat of the mile championship of the N.C.U. London Centre, and those who took part in this very edifying (?) display of waiting were A. S. Ingram, Polytechnic, who won; E. J. Callaghan, Polytechnic, second; P. W. Brown, Polytechnic, third; and W. Ellis, Anerley, fourth. In the ten-miles amateur open scratch race for the Brixton B.C.'s fifty-guinea challenge cup, which A. S. Ingram also won, four miles were ridden in 9 min. 55 3-5 sec., and the full distance in 25 min. 43 2-5 sec. H. W. Payne, the holder, was beaten by half a wheel, while a wheel behind him came W. Eccles, with F. Burnand fourth. The other scratch race of the meeting was a half-mile, and this J. McBourke, St. George's Hospital, won in 1 min. 32 3-5 sec.

Blackheath Harriers at Catford.

Despite unfavourable weather, the popular "Heathens" had a fair amount of patronage on Saturday, and the number of well-known old hands who lent their assistance in one way or another must have been particularly gratifying. H. C. Woodyatt's running in the 100-yards handicap was one of the features of an excellent meeting, but the scratch man could only manage third place in the final heat, L. F. Treemer and A. Grant, with 3½ yards each, finishing first and second respectively. The invitation mile scratch race attracted many good quality runners, and was won after an interesting race by C. Bennett, mile champion of Dorset, in 4 min. 28 3-5 sec. C. S. Sydenham, L. A. C., was second, and R. Wellin, Finchley Harriers, third. Collins, Lawford, Millett, Montague, Pyrke, and Wilkins were the other competitors. D. Wentworth, L.A.C., won the mile handicap after a capital finish with E. Rateliff (100 yards), of the promoting club, in 4 min. 28 2-5 sec.

The Civil Service Supply Association

held their annual sports meeting at Herne Hill, and, as usual, there was a large company, wives and sweethearts by their presence and pretty frocks lending additional attractiveness to the scene. There were many events, and most were interesting. W. J. Fowler, who was always being just beaten in the mile amateur championship race, had 30 yards start in the mile handicap, and this enabled him to win by five yards from A. Kenward, 115 yards, in 4 min. 29 4-5 sec. G. H. Le Guys, Brixton Wheelers, won the mile bicycle handicap from the 150-yards mark in 2 min. 17 3-5 sec., so there was not much leading.

C. H. Kilpatrick at Edinburgh.

The American amateur champion on Saturday competed in a half-mile handicap at the Edinburgh Northern Harriers meeting; of course, from scratch. He started very fast, and covered half the distance in 54 4-5 sec., entering on the second quarter just behind the leader, Mr. C. C. Seton, Edinburgh University, who had 20 yards start. Seton drew away from the American, who was also passed by two others, and the first named won in 1 min. 59 3-5 sec.

F. E. Bacon Beat H. Watkins

at Greenwich Park, Aintree, last Saturday, in the five-miles run for £100, preparatory to his endeavour to lower the record of good old Deerfoot, whose pedestrian achievements were depicted in the early Numbers of the *P.I.P.*, as our staunch readers will remember. Mr. W. Cruik, President

F. E. BACON.

of the National Trotting Union, was the sportsman who put up the coin. Naturally, Bacon started favourite; but Watkins proved a tough antagonist. Still, Bacon always kept a bit in reserve. He put on his final spurt at the finish, and won by two yards—time, 25 min. 31 3-5 sec. A Snap-shot of Bacon is given.

The Masonic Boys' Institute.

at Wood Green—as admirable in its way as the Masonic Girls' Institution, lately sketched in the *P.I.P.*—was *en fête* last Saturday. It was the lads' athletic meeting. Wife of an enthusiastic and popular Past-Master, Mrs. James Willing was the right lady in the right place to present the prizes genially and gracefully. BANSHEE.

Throwing the Hammer—World's Record Broken.—New York, May 31.—At Bergen Point, New Jersey, to-day, Flannagan threw the hammer in the American style 150 feet 8 inches, thereby breaking the world's record.—*Reuter.*

EAT SCOTT'S, and in pleasant company if possible. If your digestion is weak, or you suffer from the heaviness or pain of dyspepsia, take a salt-spoonful of PEPSALIA with each meal. It dissolves the food easily and pleasantly, and by thus aiding the weak stomach you avoid indigestion. In bottles, 1s., 2s., and 5s., from chemists. Do not accept any substitute for the genuine "PEPSALIA."—[ADVT.]

"P.I.P." Gleanings.

AMONG our Colonial visitors one of the warmest welcomes will be accorded by the public to Sir H. M. Nelson, the Premier of Queensland. The Colony named after Her Majesty has played an important part in the Empire's story during the past forty years, since it has given us an output of gold from the great Mount Morgan Mine without parallel in the history of Australian gold mining. Sir Hugh Nelson is a Scotsman. He is an interesting personality as the most formidable opponent in Australia of the Federation movement. He opposes union because he distrusts the forward labour policy of the southern colonies. One of the energetic, shrewd, and able pioneers who have made a second Britain in the South, Sir Hugh Nelson deserves, and will probably receive, the greatest attention at the hands not only of the Queen and of the Colonial Office, but also from every great Municipal centre he may visit in the British Isles.

SIR HUGH M. NELSON, Premier of Queensland.

The Distinguished Indian Visitors will infuse a welcome glow of Oriental colour into the West-End of London this merry Jubilee month of June. Best known of these brilliantly apparelled Indian Princes will be the Maharajah of Kapurthala, who was in England in 1893 at the time of the wedding of the Duke of York. He is a Sikh prince, belonging to the most warlike of all the Indian races, and is a grandson of Randhir Singh, who rendered gallant service to our race in the terrible times of the Mutiny. Randhir Singh, unfortunately, died at Aden on his way home to render homage to Her Majesty. The present Maharajah is a European in all but colour. He speaks English so idiomatically that he was specially complimented on his knowledge of it by the Queen when he visited her at Florence four years ago. He was a prominent figure at the opening of the Imperial Institute; and at the banquet given in May 1893 by the London Chamber of Commerce to Lord Roberts, he astonished the company by his speech in replying for "India." "The splendid community of Greater Britain" was one of his phrases which completely won his audience. He is a master of French, and, among other European accomplishments, is a splendid billiard player. A grand suite of rooms has been taken for him at the Hotel Cecil. The Thakore of Morvi, another Indian Prince, who, although travelling privately, will partake of Her Majesty's hospitality, is to arrive at the same time, and a suite of rooms has been taken for him at the Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park, where the Japanese Special Envoy will also be accommodated. The brother of the Khedive of Egypt is to be put up at the Westminster Palace Hotel. In addition to the above, the India Office has taken a large block of rooms at the Grosvenor Hotel for the Thakore of Gondal and a suite of six officers and several retainers. The Persian Envoy will also be entertained at the Grosvenor Hotel. A large establishment has been secured at Richmond by the India Office for the use of twenty officers of the Imperial Service Corps, of the native States in India. Rooms have been taken by the authorities at the Star and Garter Hotel, Richmond.

MAHARAJAH OF KAPURTHALA.

THAKORE OF MORVI. THAKORE OF GONDAL.

M. MAURICE GRAU.

The New Covent Garden Opera Impresario, M. Maurice Grau, is doing well with the aid of Mr. Higgins, Mr. Neil Forsyth, and the new Committee of advice. M. Maurice Grau, formerly associated with the late Mr. Henry Abbey in American operatic enterprises of huge magnitude, has a gigantic task to tackle at Covent Garden, and is performing it nobly. To produce a different opera on each night of the week is a stupendous undertaking; and the distinguished entrepreneur may well be warmly congratulated upon his success at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden.

By the Death of Mr. John Heywood, of **Manchester,** the Lancashire news trade has suffered a grievous loss. We deeply regret to read of Mr. Heywood's early death, at the age of thirty-eight, while staying at Blackpool for the benefit of his health. Business men live at far too high a pressure nowadays. As Wordsworth truly put it—

The World is too much with us:
Winning and losing, we lay waste our days.
Nothing we see in Nature that is ours.

The human machine is driven too fast. It is the pace that kills. Only those who, putting their hearts too much into their work, have tried even strong and hardy constitutions to the utmost, know at what a cost our heavy tasks are sometimes achieved. It is well for all hard workers to recuperate their powers by periods of grateful rest and healthy recreation, or breakdown is inevitable sooner or later. Commenting on the lamented death of Mr. John Heywood, the *Newsagent and Bookseller's Review* says: "The founder of the business was at first in the service of his brother, the late Alderman Abel Heywood, but commenced business on his own account in 1842, when he opened a newspaper and stationery shop in Deansgate. From this humble beginning there have grown up the gigantic establishments in Deansgate and at Cornbrook, with branches in London and other places. The large extension of the business was mainly the work of the second John Heywood, who died in 1888; his son, whose death we have now to record, displayed the hereditary zeal and business capacity of his family, but had not the physique of his father and grandfather. Mr. Heywood leaves a widow, and his eldest son bears the name of John, that of his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather."

The Death of Lord Plunket left vacant the Archbishopric of Dublin, and though the Anglican Church in Ireland has ceased to be an established Church, this is a position of great influence and usefulness. At a meeting of the Bench of Bishops of the Protestant Church of Ireland, the Most Rev. Joseph Ferguson Peacocke, D.D., Bishop of Meath, was elected to the Archbishopric. Dr. Peacocke, who had been Bishop of Meath since 1893, had a distinguished career at Trinity College, Dublin, where he took his B.A. degree in 1857. He was granted the D.D. degree in 1883, and in 1891 became Professor of Pastoral Theology at Trinity College, where he did good work. Although less known in English Church circles than his predecessor, he is an ecclesiastic of similarly commanding intellectual power.

THE REV. DR. PEACOCKE.

The late Sir William John Clarke, the Australian Millionaire.—The Hon. Sir William John Clarke, Bart., LL.D., the Australian statesman, dropped dead in the streets of Melbourne on May 14. Sir William John Clarke had this honourable distinction among our Australian baronets, that, although he was the wealthiest of them all, he remained to the end a resident of the colony to which he owed his fortunes. He was a Somerset man by birth, and when a youth of nineteen commenced sheep-farming in Tasmania, where he remained for ten years. The greater prospects of Victoria then tempted him to the sister colony, and he became engaged in pastoral pursuits there on an enormous scale, gradually gaining the reputation of being the wealthiest of Australian squatters. He found time to take a share also in the public affairs of the colony, becoming a member of the Legislative Council at Melbourne, and in 1882 being created Sir William Clarke, Bart., of Rupertswood. He was thus the third Australian to be raised to the baronetcy, the others being Sir Charles Nicholson, now of The Grange, Totteridge, and Sir Daniel Cooper, now of De Vere Gardens, Kensington. Sir William was a man of robust and independent character. Lord Shaftesbury recently became engaged to one of Sir William's daughters, Miss Mary Clarke. This young peer is Lord Brassey's aide-de-camp at Melbourne. The new baronet, Sir Rupert Clarke, is thirty-five years of age, and unmarried.

THE LATE SIR W. CLARKE.

THE PENNY LAWYER.

["Lex" will be happy to answer in this column short and simple questions of law. Queries should be addressed to "The Editor," 10, Milford Lane, Strand, London, and must be accompanied by the proper names and addresses—in confidence. Replies given to names or initials, as desired. Questions must be written on one side of the paper only. No replies can be sent direct by post.]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TUBE.—You are liable for all rent due to the proper owner. J. E. Y. D.—Yes. D. R.—(1) Not unless so agreed. (2) Yes, if a holiday was given you. T. B.—Yes.

TWO YEARS' SUBSCRIBER.—You should have a deed poll properly prepared and enrolled. It would be necessary to instruct a solicitor to act for you. If you wish to dispense with such a deed you had better advertise the change of name in the local newspapers. There is nothing illegal in changing your name.

H. W.—There appears to have been a contract between the parties, and we think the doctor would succeed in recovering some fee. You could refuse to pay, and so test the case.

J. B. C.—Your daughter can sue for the month's wages due to her. You are not liable for the doctor's bill.

PUBLICAN.—If you are in a position to prove definitely the quantity short in each barrel, you might probably succeed in recovering the amount you allege now to be due.

T. P.—You are liable to replace the broken glass.

J. H.—You appear to have instructed a solicitor to act for you in the matter. Why not trust him? You should have had a proper contract prepared in the first instance, which should have provided for the apportionment of the rent and all outgoings to the date of completion. The vendor generally takes the rent to completion.

JOHN KNOX.—No claim on the landlord.

S. T. B.—You are not liable unless you in any way agreed to pay for such repairs to be done by the former owner.

F. E. C.—Sue in the County Court for a week's wages in lieu of notice.

MRS. E. SLATER.—(1) Pay quarterly. (2) You should pay the rates and deduct them from the rent. (3, 4, and 5) Six months' notice, expiring at the corresponding period of the year when the tenancy commenced. LEX.

He: "If we should decide to elope to-morrow night, do you think you could get your trunk packed in time?"
She: "Oh, yes; Pa and Ma would help me!"

CHEERFUL HELPERS.

NURSES OF ENGLAND AND DR TIBBLES' Vi-Cocoa

Nurse PERE, 2, Hawley Street, Chalk Farm Road, N.W.: "Thank you for Vi-Cocoa. I like it very much, and will recommend it to all my patients. Our doctor here and my cousin, who is a public analyst, say it is very good."

Nurse RAYMOND, 33, Dalton Street, Hulme, Manchester: "I have tested Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, and may say that I have never tasted anything to equal it. I shall have much pleasure in recommending it to any patients that I nurse."

Nurse STANFORD, Southcroft, Heavitree Road, Exeter: "I like Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa very much. I think it possesses good nourishing and stimulating qualities. I have recommended it to my patients and friends."

Nurse FAIRMAN, 1, Hanley Terrace, Savile Town, Dewsbury, Yorks: "I have taken nightly a cupful of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa while on night duty with a severe typhoid case, and have found it most strengthening and refreshing. As this beverage resembles chocolate, it is more palatable than other preparations. I consider it an ideal drink for nursing mothers."

Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, 6d., 9d., and 1s. 6d., can be obtained from all chemists, grocers, and stores, or from Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, Limited, 60, 61, and 62, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.

A L.N.W. RAILWAY GUARD AND DR TIBBLES' Vi-Cocoa

Mr. SAMUEL REEVES, L.N.W. Railway Guard, Stafford Station, writes (Nov. 15, 1896):

"For the last few years I have not been able to take any breakfast first thing in the morning, so I commenced taking a basin of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa before going out on a journey. I had not done so many mornings before I wanted something to eat with it, and now I want my couple of rashers of good fat bacon every morning when I am out early. I am a L. and N. W. Railway passenger guard, and exposed to cold a great deal. I can honestly and heartily recommend it to anyone, especially my fellow railway-men, as a grand thing to take."

Not only the working man, but the tired student, the exhausted professional man, the teacher, are revived, restored, and strengthened by Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa.

Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, 6d., 9d., and 1s. 6d., can be obtained from all chemists, grocers, and stores, or from Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa, Limited, 60, 61, and 62, Bunhill Row, London, E.C.

As an unparalleled test of merit, a dainty sample tin of Dr. Tibbles' Vi-Cocoa will be sent free on application to any address, if, when writing (a postcard will do), the reader will name *The Penny Illustrated Paper*.

RIDGE'S FOOD AND THE DIAMOND JUBILEE.

RIDGE'S FOOD was established in 1830, seven years before Her Majesty the Queen commenced Her Reign, and is MORE POPULAR TO-DAY THAN EVER. It is the OLDEST, BEST, AND MOST WIDELY KNOWN INFANTS' FOOD IN EXISTENCE, and is

AT THE TOP OF ALL

for its NOURISHING and SUSTAINING properties.

Ridge's Patent Cooked Food is certified to contain all the essentials of a pure dietary necessary to secure a healthy and natural development of bone and muscle; a vital necessity to growing infants, and comfort to all. Arthur Hill Hassall, M.D. writes: "Dr. Ridge's Food is a very nutritious article of diet, well adapted for the use of infants, children, and invalids. It is satisfying, strengthening, soothing for infants, agreeable, digestible, and nourishing. Children get over their troubles of teething and learning to walk when they are brought upon Ridge's Patent Cooked Food, which is the oldest, best, and most widely known of all food preparations, and has the largest sale in the world." Samuel Barker, M.D., Sen. Physician to Brighton Hospital for Children, says: "Ridge's Food for Infants is an excellent compound, on which infants grow and often who previously seemed as though they would not or could not thrive on anything. So closely does it resemble healthy mother's milk that many infants are reared, and well reared, exclusively upon it." Millions of packets and canisters of Ridge's Food are supplied yearly to the public.

Dr. Ridge's Food possesses the following advantages over all other articles of a similar character, viz.: Having been cooked it goes further. Being in a compressed form, it is cheaper. Is made without trouble in two minutes. Requires no cooking. Does not cause acidity or wind. Guaranteed purity. Gives quiet nights to mothers, nurses, and invalids. Health, strength, and comfort to all. As professionally certified, it has saved the lives of thousands when all other diet had failed. Will support life single-handed, either with or without milk, being a milk food. Is put up in sizes to suit all classes. George B. Mead, M.D. Licentiate of London College of Physicians, Newmarket says: "I have great pleasure in stating that Dr. Ridge's Food is a very valuable preparation, especially in cases where the digestive powers are unusually feeble. I first tried it in the case of an infant who was apparently dying from exhaustion and excessive vomiting, all kinds of diet having been tried in vain; as a last resource some of Ridge's Food was given mixed with water, which was retained; the child rapidly improved, and now, after a lapse of some months is well and strong.

CLIMBING THE LADDER

OF LIFE WITH THE AID OF "RIDGE'S FOOD."

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THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

MRS. OPPENHEIM'S FLOWER BALL.

NOW leafy June, the sweet month of roses, has set in right jubilantly in London, it is nice to dwell in imagination on the delicious Flower Ball Mrs. Henry Oppenheim gave on May 25 at her beautiful town-house in Bruton Street. Is it not captivating to the fancy to learn that the balcony of the magnificent ball-room was arched with ever-greens, studded with lovely flowers; that the handsome hostess looked radiant in a Poppy dress with bodice of basket-work in gold embroidery; that Lilian, Duchess of Marlborough, was appropriately attired in a lily costume; and that roses garlanded the Duchess of Leeds's superb brocade and tulle dress; while Mrs. Asquith, the wife of the ex-Home Secretary, also chose English roses? I am glad to know that the dear old Shamrock of Erin was not forgotten by an Irish beauty.

SUMMER MODES IN MILLINERY.

In the Fan Competition

at Drapers' Hall last week, gracefully opened by Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, the £25 prize went to Miss Cotton, daughter of the popular Chamberlain of London, Sir W. J. R. Cotton. The Murchioness of Bristol also took a first prize of £15 15s. and the Freedom of the Company, with a graceful painted and embroidered design on white satin in another class; and the Duchess of Portland and Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild were winners of medals for collections of antique and historical fans.

Summer Millinery in Vogue

is typified in the tasteful Drawing the Editor of the *Lady's Pictorial* courteously allows us to reproduce. This represents a choice pair of specimens from the boudoir of Madame Lillie, 2, Conduit Street, Regent Street. A hat, to my taste simply perfect (I agree with "Butterfly"), was of fine grey chip, the edge bound with a grey satin straw plait, while its trimmings were puffings of grey and white tulle, an aigrette, and grey and white tipped plumes. You can judge of its fascinations for yourselves from sketch on this page. Madame Lillie's hats are really so fascinating that I am inclined to neglect the equally attractive toques which she has conceived. One deserving of special mention, of which a sketch indicates the charms, is of écru Tuscan lace straw embroidered with jet and gold sequins. Just underneath its becoming undulating brim are some rose-pink roses, while at the left stand erect a high black plume and aigrette.

I was present the other day at the opening reception of

The Empress Club,

in Dover Street, Piccadilly. This ladies' club already numbers over a thousand members, and, as each member had the privilege of bringing one guest—man or woman—to the receptions, you can imagine that there was rather a crowd. The Blue Hungarian Band played each afternoon, and excellent tea, coffee, and cakes were served. I saw

Some Very Smart Gowns.

One tall, handsome matron wore dark blue velvet with a coat bodice, and her waistcoat was white satin. She looked quite regal. Lady Irving was there with her eldest son, the husband of "Trilby" (Miss Baird). She wore a skirt of green silky material with a diamond-shaped pattern upon it marked out in white lines; the bodice and sleeves were fanciful, and not of the same material, but the whole costume was well thought out and graceful. There were any number of coats and skirts, and skirts and blouses; the latter very smart and pretty. They are constantly made now with tucks across the bodice, and a quantity of lace edging or insertion. Deep rose-pink still holds its own, but I can see that there is a growing simplicity in the trimming of hats and bonnets. Fewer flowers are used, and fewer colours are now mixed together. Most lovely roses can now be bought, and they, and carnations, seem just now the popular flowers.

Madame Albani Wore

at her concert in the Queen's Hall a dove-coloured dress lightly shot with blue. The bodice was white, or very pale grey chiffon over blue; and the fullness at the top of the sleeves was formed of three very full frills of the chiffon.

Miss Clara Butt,

the young contralto singer, who is becoming more and more popular every day, wore a very simple frock of peach-blossom satin, made with a full yoke of chiffon to match. She is a very tall girl with a beautiful figure, which owes none of its grace to corsets, as her lovely rounded waist is not pinched in or out of proportion to her bust. I have not for a long time seen a more exquisite figure. She looked like a Greek goddess as she stood up to sing. I saw some pretty hats and bonnets at the concert, notably one of blue and white straw, trimmed with blue chiffon; an up-standing bow of cream lace, and the prettiest combination of wild flowers, such as forget-me-not, dog-roses and a little mauve flower, the name of which I cannot remember.

At the Church Parade

in Hyde Park I saw one very charming gown. It was made of stone-coloured canvas—not very open in pattern, but just enough to show that it was lined with white. There was a full waistcoat of white, and the wide revers were white also, with an edging of black, and the lace with which they were trimmed was held in its place with a fancy black button. The waistband was black silk, very high under the arms, but narrowing down to two points at the back, and on each point there was a button. The hat was white, and the flowers were white lilac, of which several sprays were fastened under the brim at the back. A black parasol lined with white completed this elegant and ladylike costume.

Evening Bodices are Trimmed

with two colours very cleverly blended. Flowers are worn on the shoulders, and draperies of lace are quite as much in vogue as they were two years ago; and I have never seen more exquisite laces than can now be bought at very moderate prices. Lace reminds me of the opening of the

Earl's Court Exhibition

on the Queen's birthday. I took a hasty look round in the forenoon, and I saw enough to convince me that women make a very brave show of work there. There is a really fine display of pictures by lady artists, besides sculpture, needlework, designing, china-painting, book-binding, etc. I have never before seen an Exhibition that was so nearly finished as the Victorian Era Exhibition was on the opening day; and very pretty and attractive it is. Models of old English houses now stand where the Indian village used to be; and every building has been painted up and made to look so smart. The Post Office has a very interesting stand of exhibits; and so also has one of the great railway companies. Glove and lace making are also in full swing.

The Yorkshire Dress Fabrics

of E. Broadhead and Son, Ossett, Yorkshire, should be sampled. Patterns are sent post-free to all who apply to the above address. Their black alpaca at 11s. 6d. the dress of six yards width; and their Silco black dress of silk and woollen mixture at 22s. 6d. the costume, strike me as particularly neat and ladylike.

Let me once more earnestly recommend all my readers to make haste and get their copies of the special *P.I.P.*

Queen's Diamond Jubilee Number,

in which the great events of Her Majesty's Reign are beautifully pictured, and are pithily described under each Illustration—a far more acceptable way of presenting the essential facts, to my mind, than the infliction of tediously diffuse narrations upon us. Those who run can almost read the terse letter-press which sufficiently explains the plentiful harvest of Royal Illustrations and Royal Portraits in this wonderfully cheap sixpenn'orth, which has irradiated with glowing colour W. H. Smith and Son's Railway Bookstalls this week. It is marvellous to me how the Proprietors of the *P.I.P.*, enterprising as they are known to be in a marked degree, can present this large and liberal Life of the Queen for sixpence—and my wonder increases when they throw into the bargain such

A Handsomely Coloured Portrait of the Queen in her Crown and State Robes,

a royal presentation plate which will surely adorn many many thousands of British homes this jubilant Summer. All my town readers can procure copies easily—and I advise them to do so promptly, before it is out of print—at their own newsagents. Country readers residing in out of the way places should lose no time in sending sixpence-halfpenny in stamps to the publisher, Mr. Taylor, 10, Milford Lane, Strand, London, and thus secure a copy by post.

"The Woman at Home"

for June contains a charming article called "Mrs. Gaskell's House and its Memories," and a most interesting account of the late Professor Henry Drummond, by one of his old pupils. I find also that the editor, Annie Swan, recommends to one of her readers who wishes to perfect herself in household management before she

A GRECIAN COUNTRY WOMAN IN SUNDAY ATTIRE.

From a Photograph taken at Eleusis, near Athens.

STARCH CANNOT BE DIGESTED BY BABIES.—Many Infants' Foods contain little else. HORLICK'S MALTED MILK does not. It is suited for the most delicate infants and invalids; requires no cooking or added milk. Of all chemists. Price 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 11s. A free sample sent, on application, by HORLICK and Co., 34, Farringdon Road, E.C.—[ADVT.]

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WHOLESALE TAILORS,

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Make a Single Garment to Measure at Wholesale Prices, SAVING 50 PER CENT. MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS.

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Carriage Paid to any part of the United Kingdom.

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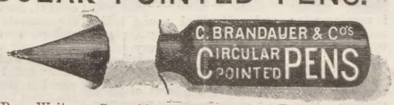
CIRCULAR-POINTED PENS.

SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS.



This Series of Pens Write as Smoothly as a Lead Pencil. Neither Scratch nor Spurt, the points being rounded by a special process. Assorted Sample Box for seven stamps from the

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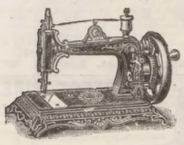
LADIES DO NOT FAIL



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THIS IS THE SHOE YOU WANT.

For House, Coast, or Country.

Made of Canvas with strong Plaited Jute Sole, which will last much longer than leather with ordinary wear. We are constantly receiving repeat orders from customers who have worn a single pair one, two, and three years. Inclose length walking shoe. Prices (Post Free):

Quality (colour, Brown) Childu's Ladies' Gents'

A. Plain Shoes no strapping 1s. 6d. 1s. 9d. 2s. 6d.

D. Superior Canvas (as per illust'n) 2s. 6d. 2s. 9d. 3s. 6d.

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13 Flavours. Quart, Pint, and Half-Pint Packets.

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In Commemoration of Her Majesty's Record Reign, we intend presenting every person in the British Isles with a SOLID SILVER WATCH (Listed 42/-). To gain this send the answer to above and a stamped addressed envelope, to know if correct. If so, we simply stipulate that you shall purchase one of our English Silver Chains, to wear with the Presentation Watch.

NOTE.—Money refunded if Dissatisfied.

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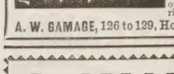
Cyclists who Value Health should Write or Call for Patterns.



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200-page Illustrated Catalogue sent post free to any address. Orders over 10s. carriage paid.

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SPRING ROOFING FELT

For all purposes the best Felt that can be made is that marked with a RED HAND trade mark.

Those who use these Felts (The "RED HAND") are always more than satisfied.

Your dealer keeps them or will obtain them for you.

AT HOME EMPLOYMENT (genuine)

Either Sex. Postal wrapper addressing. No canvassing, only as stated. Directory and instructions, crossed P.O. for 1s. 6d., returnable on completion of work.—K. F. MOULT, 58, Archer St., London, N.W.

COOPER CYCLES.

LATEST Humber Design Frame, Large Weldless Steel Tubes, Ball Bearings, Tangent Wheels, Brake, and Mudguards. Cushion Tyres £5 10s.; Pneumatic £7 10s. Ladies' with Brass and Gear Guards, £8 10s.

Twelve Months' Warranty. Sent on Approval. Order Early. Lists Free. Agents Wanted.

WILLIAM COOPER, Largest Cycle Manufacturer in London, 75S, Old Kent Road, London, S.E.

100 YEARS' REPUTATION.

KEARSLEY'S WIDOW WELCH'S PILLS. FEMALE

Cure all obstructions, Irregularities, anæmia, and all female complaints. They contain no irritant, and have approval of the Medical Profession. Beware of Imitations. Boxes, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d., of all Chemists. The 2s. 9d. Box contains three times the number of pills.

A WATCH FOR NOTHING

We are going to give away 1000 Silver Watches to advertise our Catalogue and our Jewellery. This is no catch, but perfectly genuine. Read our conditions, and then go in and win.

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J * B * L * E

The words when filled in represent what every-one is talking about.

DIRECTIONS.

Fill in the missing letters to the above words, and send the answer to us. If correct, we undertake to send you a **Solid Silver Watch,** good timekeeper, usually sold by us at £2 2s. Our conditions are that you send us a stamped addressed envelope for us to write and tell you if you are correct, and, if you should win the Watch, you purchase one of our Real Silver Chains, as per our offer, which we will send you. Write at once, as by delay you may lose the chance.

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GOOD FAITH is everything, and Cyclists who wish to have comfort and speed combined with safety, should note that the Dunlop Tyre Company give a guarantee for twelve months with every pair of Roadster Detachable Tyres.

Riders of Dunlop Tyres (if any) having the slightest complaint against the tyre should at once communicate with the Dunlop Company, and immediate satisfaction will be given.

If you wish to have your Carriages in keeping with those of the Royal Family this season, have them fitted with Dunlop Tyres.

Here, There, and Everywhere.

In every part of the Globe where it is possible to cycle, the merits of the famous

DUNLOP TYRES

(fitted to Dunlop-Westwood Rims)

are well known, and every MAN, WOMAN, or CHILD after using Dunlop Tyres will

Never Grumble.

"All About Dunlop Tyres for 1897," post free on application.

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FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS

MELLIN'S FOOD

When Prepared is Similar to Breast Milk.

Samples post free from MELLIN'S FOOD WORKS, PECKHAM, S.E.

YORKSHIRE RELISH

THE BEST AND CHEAPEST

SAUCE IN THE WORLD

A teaspoonful in your basin of Soup is a marvellous improvement, and with your Chop and Steak it is simply delicious.

SOLD IN BOTTLES, 6d., 1s., and 2s. EACH.

PROPRIETORS:

GOODALL, BACKHOUSE & Co., LEEDS.

Every Lady should promptly buy the "P.I.P." Diamond Jubilee Life of the Queen, splendidly Illustrated.—6d.

marries, a "School of Domestic Economy," at 98, Crawford Street, Baker Street, London. I have not been reading many books lately that I can honestly recommend.

"Dear Faustina," by Rhoda Broughton,

is very amusing, and self-willed young ladies may possibly learn something from it. "Novice," by the late Mrs. Hungerford, is a very pretty story.

Lemonade as a Cooler

was very acceptable with the advent of warm weather. It is most easily made by procuring, for 4½d., a packet of De Carle's Lemonade, which is guaranteed to be prepared from fresh ripe lemons; add two gallons of hot water, and 1 lb. of granulated sugar, and you have excellent lemonade at the cost of less than one farthing per glass. The manufacturers, De Carle and Son, Norwich, supply all retailers with lemonade, raspberry, and similar fruit drinks.

"Eiffel Tower" Lemonade,

raspberry, orange, cherry, pineapple, black-currant, and limejuice drinks can be made with similar ease. Buy a packet of Fontaigne's "Eiffel Tower" Lemon for 4½d., of any grocer, or of G. Foster Clark and Co., Maidstone; place the contents in a jug, with 1 lb. of loaf-sugar, and pour over the whole one pint of boiling water, stir till dissolved, when it is ready for use, and will be found most refreshing. I learn that "Eiffel Tower" Lemonade is partly prepared in Italy, where scores of peasants gather the finest lemons from the trees. They are then taken direct from the lemon orchards into the factory in all their freshness, to commence their transformation into this excellent concentrated lemonade. I can supply my readers with a good recipe for

"Barley Broth,"

which is a popular dish, but is very often so poor as to be uneatable. Scrag of mutton is the best for the broth; it must be jointed as for Irish stew, and the fat pared off. Wash the meat and put it in a saucepan large enough to contain two quarts of water. Add to the meat a teacupful of barley, four onions, two heads of celery, three carrots, and a small bunch of lemon thyme; cover the meat and vegetables with the water, which must be boiling; put on the cover of the saucepan, and let the broth simmer for two hours and a half. Turn into a hot dish; sprinkle a little finely chopped parsley over the top, and serve as hot as possible. The cutting-up of the vegetables is optional, but if quite done, they are easily cut with a spoon in serving. The dish is excellent, and not very troublesome to make.

A Hint as to Window-Cleaning.

I am told that you must not use soap for glass, and that windows should never be cleaned with the sun on them. I have before mentioned that window-panes, mirrors, glass bottles, etc. can be cleaned with well-squeezed wet newspaper instead of a cloth, and then polished with dry paper, but use ammonia instead of soap.

I heard recently a fine sermon on

"The Duty of Cheerfulness";

and the following little verses seem to point in the same direction as the sermon—

I know not why, I know not why,
My lips will fain be singing,
And through my soul's discordant cry
One silver chord keep ringing.
I cannot see the path I tread,
For eyes that are a-weary;
No star is shining overhead,
To cheer the darkness dreary.

Thus, as the shadows close around,
And the dim world grows lonely,
When all outreaching arms can clasp
Is utter darkness only,
All through the night faint lips repeat
The music in me ringing;
I know not why, I know not why,
But trust is born of singing!

MARGUERITE.

JUNO CYCLES ARE THE VERY BEST.

Rigid, Light, Swift, Guaranteed. JUNO Lady Safeties, £12. 20s. monthly Any JUNO 12 monthly payments

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SILVER, Only 2/6
GOLD, 15/- & 30/-

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Fichu Brooches: Silver, 2/6; Gold, 13/6.

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250 Brass Gilt, Maltese Cross Shape Medals for 25/-
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Good! it's Mason's

MASON'S EXTRACT OF HERBS FOR MAKING NON-INTOXICATING BEER

The most palatable, thirst-quenching, refreshing, animating tonic drink produceable.
For every OPEN-AIR WORKER and all employed in Shops, Mills, Manufactories, and Mines.
IMITATED BUT NOT EQUALLED.
AGENTS WANTED.
ONE 6d. BOTTLE MAKES 8 GALLONS.
Of all Chemists and Stores.
Sample Bottle Free 9 Stamps, 2 for 15 Stamps.
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A CLEAR COMPLEXION Pimples, Black Specks, Freckles, Sunburn, and unsightly Blotches on the Face, Neck, Arms, and Hands can be instantly removed by using Mrs. JAMES'S HERBAL OINTMENT, made entirely from herbs, and warranted harmless. It possesses a most delightful fragrance, and the lovely clearness it imparts to the skin astonishes everyone. Of most Chemists, or a box of it sent (with testimonial and directions for use), post free and free from observation, to any address, on receipt of 15 stamps.—Mrs. C. JAMES, 268, Caledonian Road, Barnsbury, London, N.

HAIR DESTROYER.—JAMES'S Depilatory instantly and effectually removes superfluous hairs from the Face, Neck, or Arms, without injury to the skin. No lady should be without it. To be had of most Chemists, or a box of it sent (with directions) free from observation, post free, 15 stamps. —Mrs. C. JAMES, 268, Caledonian Road, London, N.

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CERTAIN
CURE FOR CORNS.

Removes Corns by the Roots in a week when other Remedies fail. Easily applied. Worn with the tightest boot. Thousands of Testimonials, free; or a Bottle, post free, 14 stamps, from CHAVE and JACKSON, Chemists, Hereford. Agents everywhere.

F. Hurrell, Esq., Boreham, Chelmsford, writes—
"'CELANDINE' removed my corns without the slightest pain. I have since cured eight men in my employ."

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Every Man suffering from Varicocele and allied troubles should read my Treatise, describing its Causes, Symptoms, Results, and Speedy and Painless Cure, without surgical operation or the use of cumbrous trusses and electrical appliances. Will be sent sealed, post free, 3 stamps. J. MURRAY,
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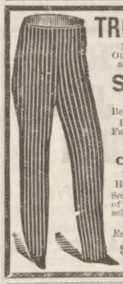
GRATEFUL—COMFORTING
COCOA



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Better qualities, 25s. and 30s.
In Black and Blue Serges, Fancy Tweeds, and Cheviots.
Unequalled Value.
Special line in
COVERT COATS 25/-
HONESTLY WORTH 35s.
Send to-day. Patterns, Lists of Testimonials, and Easy self-measurement forms post free to any address.
Every Customer fully satisfied.
S. WALKER AND LENG, North Street, Leeds.

BENZINE COLLAS. ASK FOR "COLLAS."
CLEANS GLOVES.—CLEANS DRESSES.
CLEANS GLOVES.—CLEANS DRESSES.
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DO NOT BUY Common BENZINE. See the word COLLAS on the Label and Cap, Which is the Original. Extra refined. After using, it becomes quite odourless.

BENZINE COLLAS. ASK FOR "COLLAS"
Preparation, and take no other.
Sold Everywhere, 6d., 1s., and 1s. 6d. per Bottle.
Agents: J. SANGER AND SONS,
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may be added to the income of many shopkeepers by selling TAFF'S PURE SWEETS. Confectioners commencing will find it to their advantage to write for New List. Orders for 24s. carriage paid.— CHARLES TAFF, Maker of Sweets for Eating, The Grove, Hackney, London Established 1873.

THE CHEAP WOOD COMPANY supply Deals, Matching, Horticultural Timber, &c., at low prices. Greenhouse Sash Bars, 1½ by 3, at 5s. 9d. per 100 ft. Special line of Balusters, 1½ in. 1s. per dozen, 1¾ in. 1s. 3d. per dozen. Catalogues Post Free on application to The CHEAP WOOD COMPANY, 72, Bishopsgate Street Within, London, E.C.

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Go to our RIDING SCHOOLS & CYCLE DEPOTS
"CYCLEDOM" LTD., 52 to 55, Blackfriars Road, and 12½, King's Road, Sloane Square. Lists Free.

Course of Lessons, 10/6
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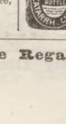
CLARKE'S WORLD-FAMED **BLOOD MIXTURE**
Is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities from *whatever* cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Bad Legs, Skin and Blood Diseases, Pimples and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains, for it removes the *cause* from the blood and bones. Thousands of wonderful cures have been effected by it. In Bottles, 2s. 9d. and 11s. each, of Chemists everywhere.
BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

AN HONEST MEDICINE.
DR. DAVIS'S FAMOUS PILLS
Renowned throughout the World, and are acknowledged to be a Boon to Womankind.
In Boxes, 9½d., 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d., obtainable of all Chemists, Medicine Vendors, and Stores, in all parts of the World.



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Cures Nervous Headache, cures Cold in the Head, instantly relieves Hay Fever and Neuralgia in the Head, is the best remedy for Faintness or Dizziness. Price One Shilling. Sold by all Chemists and Stores. *Refuse Worthless Imitations.* Post Free, 15 stamps, from
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BLACK STEEL KEYLESS WATCHES, *Gent's size,* 9/6. *Lady's size,* 10/6.
Send for the Catalogue, and you will find in it valuable advice "HOW TO CHOOSE A WATCH," also all articles which surround this advertisement.
WE ARE NOT SHOPKEEPERS.
Ours is a Wholesale Warehouse, and we will supply you at wholesale prices with RELIABLE WATCHES.
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JEWELLERY OF ALL KINDS, Silver, Gold and Diamond,
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Sale of Instruments returned from hire. Ten years' warranty. Easy terms. Cottage Pianos, 7 gs., 9 gs., 11 gs., &c. Upright Grands, 18 gs. and upwards. American Organs, by all the best makers, from 4½ gs. upwards. Full price paid will be allowed for any instrument within three years if one of a higher class be taken, and will be exchanged free if not approved of within one month. Illustrations and particulars post free.— T. D'ALMAINE and CO. (Est. 112 years), 91, Finsbury Pavement, E.C. Open till 7; Saturdays, 3.

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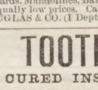

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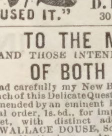

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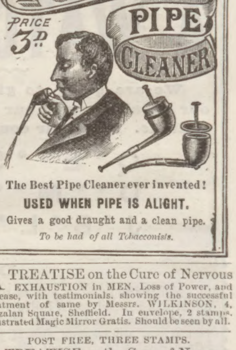

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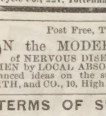

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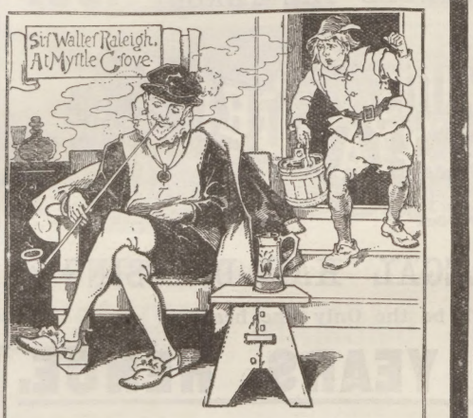

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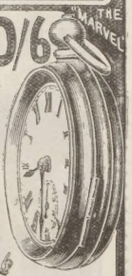

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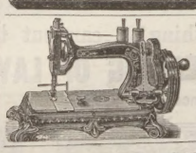

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